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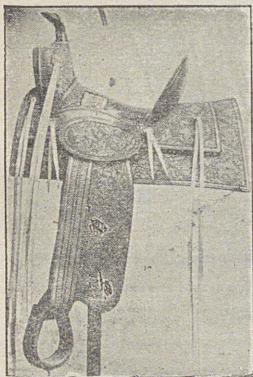
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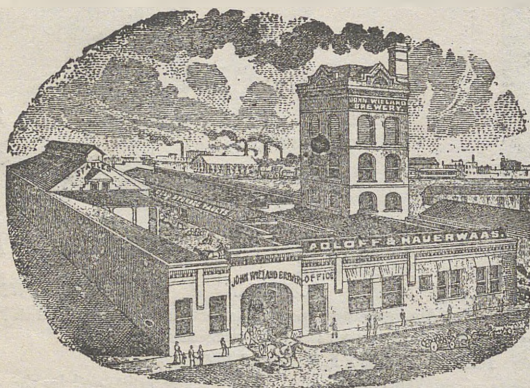
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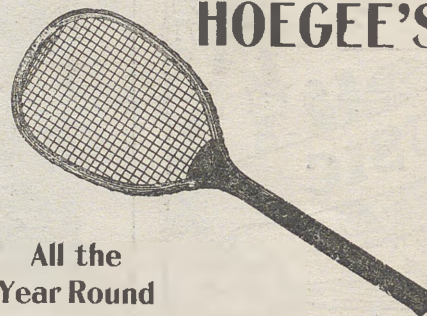
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—From Cartoons and Caricatures

E. P. Clark

Here is an excellent likeness, in facetious garb, of E. P. Clark, who with his brother-in-law, Gen. M. H. Sherman, has done much to build up the electric transportation facilities of Los Angeles. For many years Messrs. Sherman and Clark had a hard row to hoe; they had large ideas and insufficient means. But their pluck and enterprise overcame much. Today they are making barrels of money. Perhaps this new condition is so novel to them that they have not yet fully realized all the obligations it entails. They are charging first-rate fares; the people will demand accordingly a maximum of convenience and a minimum of danger. Some of their old rolling stock should be condemned at once for their own sake as well as

the public's. Mr. Clark was born in Iowa about fifty-five years ago. He is a shrewd man of business and a kindly gentleman. He is a college man and subsequently graduated in the greater university of Arizona, taking courses in merchandise and lumber. He also served the territory as comptroller for several terms. He married Miss Lucy H. Sherman, and in 1889 joined his brother-in-law in organizing the Consolidated Electric Railway Company of Los Angeles. Subsequently they built the line between this city and Pasadena; the lines to Santa Monica were their next venture, completing what at that time was the longest electric railroad in the world—"from the mountains to the sea". Mr. Clark is president of the Los Angeles-Pacific Railroad.

Matters of Moment

Labor Day Reflections

Senator Hanna's death was an inestimable loss to the Republican party, but it was a greater loss to the nation, to which he promised to render still more signal service than by his years of devotion to party politics. Senator Hanna had stepped into a breach, which was widening to dangerous dimensions, and by his broad influence and straightforward character had already rendered yeoman service in planning a bridge which might avert national disaster.

Everyone regards the vexed questions that disrupt the relationship between capital and labor with grave concern, but few men are able or willing to approach the question dispassionately and without prejudice. The employer, who has once been subjected to the arrogance and injustice of a walking delegate, can rarely bring himself to look upon a labor union of any kind without his gorge rising, while the employe who too often sacrifices his independence to the tyrannical dictation of a labor union boss, is frequently inclined to presume that the employer is his natural enemy. In too many instances the true relationship between capital and labor, which is really the closest and most interdependent in human affairs, has been obliterated by bitterness and the damnable heresy that they are naturally antagonistic.

Men are instinctively wont to espouse extreme causes, whereas the true position on vital questions is generally that which leans in neither direction but is fixed on the solid basis of deliberative justice and calm common-sense. The orator or writer who denounces all organized labor with every oburgation in his vocabulary is likely to enlist the sympathies of all who have suffered from unjust or unreasonable demands of labor unions, and the more he waves the red flag of defiance, the louder they applaud, even honoring him for the noise he makes but totally unconscious that in reality he is as dangerous a labor agitator as the walking delegate. On the other hand, the labor leaders who have no better business than to be constantly disrupting the bond between employer and employe, have succeeded in enlisting thousands of honest and conservative workmen, who too often are content to deliver their brains and their consciences to a single walking delegate or to an executive committee of agitators by whom they are blindly led. That many abuses have been corrected and that the condition of the average laborer has been improved by labor unionism we do not doubt, but with the growth and increased power of organized labor many of its leaders have mistaken their positions, regarding them as opportunities to make the employer's interests as remote from the employe's as possible, teaching the laborer not only that he is worthy of his hire but that he should squeeze all he possibly can out of his employer and give him as little as possible in return. Many will claim, and not without reason, that such a policy is after all only turning the tables; that, before organized labor was effective, the conditions were reversed and the employer's main aim in business was to get all he could out of his men and pay them as little as possible. In many instances such an attitude was undoubtedly true, but it was only taken by short-sighted and nar-

row-minded employers, whose business could never compete successfully with that of men who realized, to use Senator Hanna's words, that **Life is a matter of mutual interest between labor and capital**; it is not possible for one to prosper permanently unless the other shares in that prosperity. It was inevitable that, labor having organized itself into a concentrated force and in many instances having waged unjust war against capital, employers should seek protection among themselves. The individual employer had an unequal fight on his hands when confronted not simply by his own employes but by allied trades and national organizations. Hence it comes that the too frequent unreasonable demands of labor and unjustifiable interference in the conduct of business have compelled employers to make defensive and offensive alliances.

Senator Hanna did not believe that the differences between labor and capital could be healed by any such alignment of forces. His own experience with men and his cool philosophy led him to the conviction that such organizations of capitalists would only foment dissension and encourage the heresy that labor instead of being "the ally of the capitalist" was "a foe with which to grapple." The "common ground where all can meet with the honest determination to do what is right, meeting bravely the conditions as they change, and seizing the opportunity as it offers for the betterment of the people," for which Senator Hanna pleaded so earnestly, is not likely to be reached by employers borrowing the worst leaf out of organized labor's book and setting itself in array for war.

In his plea for a policy of conciliation, Senator Hanna took the highest ground, not only moral but economic. It is assuredly to the best interests of the nation—for the welfare of the general community—that conflicts between capital and labor be averted. The extreme partisan in this vexed question aligns himself on one side or the other; he is either, as we have stated, a bitter opponent of organized labor or a staunch adherent to its principles. But what is the position, when these conflicts arise, of the general community, which is bound to suffer grave inconveniences, when at the mercy of strikes? A quasi-public utility is suspended because of a strike; coal mines are shut down or street cars cease to run. The coal barons and the miners, the street railroad owners and the men, of course, do not suffer alone. The business, prosperity, convenience and happiness of the general community are disordered. What, then, is the general community's interest and how may it best be conserved in these differences between capital and labor? It is now their turn to make "a united effort." The object to which Senator Hanna "desired to consecrate the remaining years of his life" was the work of the Civic Federation and its simple motto—the Golden Rule. "And," he wrote, "I am sure that the American people will sustain a policy, based upon the highest moral and social impulse, which will eliminate the passionate prejudices that now exist between capital and labor."

The Civic Federation opposes the sympathetic strike; opposes the boycott; disapproves of the restriction of production to enhance values, and urges as a sure foundation for capital and labor, **absolute confidence on both sides**, and Senator Hanna's argument is summed up in the single prediction that "Both Capital and Labor must yield in time to the great law of fair dealing between man and man."

It is not the duty of good citizenship to array

oneself on either side, to "fight the unions" or to be the sworn foe of capital. The best citizenship will be served by earnest endeavor to conciliate the opposing forces and by influential demonstration that such an opposition is illogical and disastrous. You will probably be told that you are "on the fence," that you "shirk the issue," and you may be reviled for weakness or cowardice, but the true strength is not established by violent partisanship. The issue will not be solved by the demagogue who shouts his championship of labor unions or the autocrat who snorts at their existence, but by the calm common-sense of the American people who will insist on "fair-dealing between man and man."

Poisoning Taste

The prevalence and popularity of the cheap, and usually vile, theater should be regarded with a grave attention that hitherto has been denied the subject by preacher, priest and philanthropist. Men, women and children, of all tastes and of all means, are constantly seeking diversion, distraction, entertainment and recreation. It is to the theater that they turn as the most convenient source of the variety that adds spice to life. The church which is in operation but one day in the week to the theater's seven has long ago been distanced by the playhouse. None but the blindest ecclesiastic would maintain that the pulpit commands as great an influence on the public mind as does the stage. And yet while millionaires endow churches and libraries, while educators and psychologists labor long and earnestly in those directions, who is there to give a disinterested thought or penny to the most prevalent influence upon all the people—the theater?

In the best theaters, we are thankful if the influence happens to be uplifting; in the variety houses, we congratulate ourselves if the fare provided is free from taint of indecency; in the melodrama theaters we may growl at the glittering vulgarity and the torture of truth, but as long as the villain is discomfited and the heroine preserves her virtue in the last act, we forgive the tale for the moral that adorns it.

What apology or excuse, however, can be invented for the cheap variety houses that today abound in any city of size and which by their prevalence seem to supply a long felt want? People of education and of refinement, of course, no more think of visiting these ten-cent establishments than do they read the Police Gazette and "Penny Dreadfuls," but these same comparatively few superior persons should be conscious of the fact that these same establishments are daily and nightly debilitating and depraving the tastes of the multitude. It is not that these ten-cent theaters deal in rank indecencies like the café chantants of Paris, whose offenses are sometimes mitigated by cleverness or wit, but a tawdry vulgarity, a debasing influence, impregnates the whole atmosphere. The clumsy and ill-mannered joke, the poor in music and vile in art—save the mark!—the scum and trash in drama presented by the despairing and not the aspirant Thespian, all gravitate to these "halls of amusement." The "artists" are overworked and underpaid; the management is sordid and callous, caring not how the shekels are raked in as long as there is a rake and a crop of "suckers." Young people are even more enthusiastic patrons of these "shows" than their elders; many of the former have never entered a decent theater or wit-

nessed a worthy drama. Must not every observer, who ever ventures within the cheap theater, be shocked at their popularity and be fearful of their influence?

Of what avail is our boasted civilization with its massive machines of education and still more elaborate systems of religion, if all the good, the truth and the refinement of mind they inculcate cannot withstand the meretricious attraction and dangerous taint of the cheap theater? What counter attraction, in Los Angeles for instance, is offered to the cheap theater? Is there good music to be heard for ten cents? Are there good pictures to be seen for a nominal sum?

But the time will surely come when the reign of the cheap theater will be swept away by the direct interference of the municipality or the State. Not by sumptuary legislation, for such places will always have their being and thrive as long as there is a public demand for them. But the natural instinct of mankind to be amused, to be entertained, to be edified, in a direction entirely different from the pursuits of everyday life, besides the prevalent love of the drama, will be ministered to by States and municipalities giving the people the best of dramas and the best of actors for a nominal fee of admission. It may be a long time in coming, but it will assuredly come. When once educators and philanthropists realize the tremendous engine the theater is in moulding the minds and the tastes of the people, the reign of the cheap theater and the dime museum will be no more.

You and I

When first we wandered, you and I,
Oh! you and I, o'er fell and field,
There seemed a contest—Earth and sky,
Which should the greater glory yield?

Earth showed so fair, her thousand things
Of beauty born, of loveliest hue:
While little clouds, like angel-wings,
Came flitting o'er the boundless blue.

Then, as we gazed, the Picture moved
Toward us; and the perfect grew
To yet more perfect; and it loved,
The Picture loved us, me and you.

Now all is altered; faded, dim,
The carmine tints are turned to grey;
While winter, like a gaoler grim,
With iron hand shuts in the day.

Yet still we wander, you and I,
With spirits free, not winter-bound;
To us the sun is still on high,
And garlands blossom underground.

Earth is but sleeping; all is there,
Her fruit, her flowers, in long array;
Her robe of state, and jewels rare,
To wait her coronation-day.

For suns may rise, and suns may set,
And summer-leaves lie tempest-strown;
But you and I can ne'er forget
The glories we have loved and known.
A. G. B. in "The Spectator."

The Small Boy

He knows not who slew Goliath
Or who by the ravens was fed,
For Sunday-school picnics are over
And Christmas-tree ages ahead.

—New York Sun.

The Internal Struggle in Russia

Dr. Pehr Olsson-Seffer

With the keenest interest the whole world is watching the development of the historical drama which is now being acted in the far East. With anxious eyes we are endeavoring to penetrate the dark veil that envelops the revolutionary movement in Russia. How will this threatening and inevitable catastrophe end? How and when is the first serious blow to be delivered against the strong and formidable shield of the bureaucratic Leviathan of that autocratic country? Who dares to predict the outcome of the present crisis?

Occupying the center of the world's stage Russia has suddenly been awakened to the fact that it would have been infinitely wiser to keep quiet in a corner. The sons of the young Empire of the Rising Sun have with Murata rifles and Krupp cannons shown Russia that bombastic threats are of no avail in fighting. The Russian contempt for the uncivilized and pagan Japanese has received a great shock from recent familiarity with the modern methods of warfare employed by the latter. Russia's attempt to broaden its waterfront on the Pacific has signally ended in dismal failure, and the tentacles of the Northern Colossus that already held Manchuria in their grip have been ruthlessly cut. But alas! There are so many arms left and the Muscovite policy of territorial aggrandizement is by no means checkmated. Its designs to provide for an outlet on the Persian Gulf are only temporarily foiled by England, and sooner or later these powers will clash. The ambitious schemes of Russia on the Balkan Peninsula have not been purposeless, and the world at large has long been aware of the true character of Russia's sympathetic interest in the health of the Sick Man of Europe. The covetous glances of Russia towards the Norwegian coast are fully appreciated on the Scandinavian Peninsula, and Sweden and Norway should, in the opinion of all sane persons, act with more foresight if the bonds of union were strengthened instead of being entirely disrupted. There is no mistaking the real object of the sudden desire on the part of the politicians in the distant capital on the shores of Neva, to russianize the people of Finland. Russia prefers to be nearer to its small neighbor, and the little grand-duchy of Finland has only been a convenient buffer, advantageous to Sweden, but a hindrance to the westward progress of the Slav race.

It has been said that the reign of Emperor Nicholas I. belonged to that period of European history when concern for exterior politics decidedly overweighed interior interests. It is equally evident that the reign of the Second Nicholas is characterized by a far greater anxiety of the caretakers of the imperial Russian estate for moving the fences outward, instead of repairing them and cleaning up the yard within. Paradoxical as it may appear, the self-imposed guardian of the moral conduct of the Sultan, and the champion ex-officio of the world's peace shows a sturdy determination to foment discontent everywhere. In its own country the unbridled government of the czar has with tolerable complete indifference, heedless of results, succeeded in awakening from the long sleep of ignorance and apathy its ill-governed people. The smouldering flame of anarchy has been duly fired, and no earthly power can now check it with anything less than a speedy political liberation of the suffering masses.

Russian statecraft has always been allotted a certain astuteness and finesse, which in true Oriental fashion never has left any doubt in the minds of her own wire-pullers as to the methods, so long as they have been able to reach per fas et nefas their ultimate goal. It is no secret that Russia fomented the conflagration of the Boxer rising of 1900, and when the powers finally settled themselves to solve the Celestial problem, Russia did not hesitate to help itself to the lion's share of the slices. In joint action with Austria forming a Vigilance Committee to look after the welfare of the Sublime Porte, Russia tried for years to impose upon Turkey a system of reforms which would have been even more wanted at home. Russia was the loudest in clamoring for reforms in China, while in matters domestic things in the meantime went from bad to worse.

So much has been written in late years of the internal conditions of Russia, so much adverse criticism of the czar has been spoken in the periodic press the world over, that the public has come to consider the great Russian empire as the very incarnation of lawlessness, its monarch as a criminal lunatic, who should have been incarcerated in an asylum in order to preserve the world's peace. And the yellow journals cry their anathemata to everything done in Russia.

The active anti-Russian agitation which is being carried on in certain European countries is deplorable, because it brings no good to those it is supposed to help, it creates unnecessary irritation, and gives a false view of the real facts. In this campaign of calumny so much exaggeration has been shown, that it is now a universal belief that all kinds of violent and illegal acts are daily committed in every part of that vast empire. There is no need, however, to overdraw the picture of internal Russia. It is bad enough in all its naked reality. There are heart-racking scenes a-plenty to supply plot material for even the most veracious correspondent or writer of fiction.

There are other countries which claim to stand on the pinnacle of civilization that employ just as brutal methods in subduing mobs and upholding "order" as Russia. The brutality with which the mounted police of London charged a crowd of strikers was not less than the fury with which the cosacks flung their nagaikas in dispersing a mob of workmen in the Viborgskaia suburb of St. Petersburg, acts which the writer has personally witnessed. Was enlightened France less cruel in submitting the innocent Dreyfus to all the agonies on Devil's Island, than Russia is in banishing her political suspects to the Siberian mines? Has mighty Prussia's germanizing methods in Posen and Schleswig been more lenient than the manner in which the instruments of the czar are trying to russianize Finland? Is it less criminal to bribe public functionaries in free United States than in corrupt Russia? "He that is without sin may cast the first stone."

Ethical considerations aside, let us be fair in our criticism. The impartial observer and student of history can neither be swayed by a chivalric desire to whitewash the dark plague-spots of Russian administration, nor should he be moved by malice and prejudice. Every sense of justice and humanity must

revolt at the desperate absurdity to which matters are driven in that land of mysteries, and in anticipating the threatening cataclysm it is impossible to stand by with cynical indifference or to remain aloof undismayed by the terrors of the present reign of assassinations.

No categorical denials of the Russian administration can diminish the terrible conditions of the destitute peasantry. No malicious accusations can increase the amazing story of the widespread permanent famine that for years has prevailed in central Russia, in a part of the country which should be the richest on account of its naturally good soil. From the neighborhood of Moscow eastward to some distance beyond the Ural mountains, and from North to South over an area of ten latitude degrees the whole country is in a state of chronic destitution. Twenty-five millions of peasants live here—if it can be called to live—in such utter poverty, that their principal food is a kind of bread made from acorns, bran and straw, that their cattle and horses perish in thousands and thousands from want of food, that their children die from lack of milk almost as rapidly as they are born, that the grown-up people succumb in hundreds from typhus, scurvy and other terrible companions of famine. In other parts of the empire similar semi-starvation prevails. The government knows well how this has been brought about. The men whom the czar trusts keep him by might and by slight in ignorance as to the actual horrible state of affairs.

There must be no disguising the fact that it is from these poor peasants the tax gatherers squeeze the hundreds of millions with which the country, writhing in pangs of hunger, has to pay for the folly of its corrupt government in precipitating an unnecessary and disgraceful war. Let us remember that during the last decade the exchequer realized from taxation a surplus of \$1,350,000,000 more than the estimates called for, and we shall understand what legions of toilers have to work in the sweat of their brows to fill the unfathomable depths of the treasury chests. The orthodox church has fabulous wealth, accumulated during generations, but ultimately coming from the mujik's pocket. And the unscrupulous tax collector and village priest cannot be satisfied with an extra tithe, because they have in their turn to share commission with their superiors.

The whole rural administration has to be changed, if better economical conditions are to be obtained.

The methods of agriculture are extremely primitive and antiquated, and very little improvement can be expected before the land laws are altered so as to do away with the present semi-communistic ownership and make the peasant a landed proprietor.

The amelioration of the peasant's condition is the gravest problem of Russia. From the izba of the mujik there is rising a cry for bread, and were it not for the indifferent submissiveness of these downtrodden tillers of the soil, whose eyes are blinded by the oppression of ages, and who are kept in subjection by ignorance, imposed upon them through the unyielding bigotry of the arrogant, almost illiterate priests of the orthodox church, and the fear of police atrocities, directed by a tyrannical and decrepit government, the people would long ago have risen as one man to work out its own salvation. The reckless methods of absolutism and the universal swindling and cheating of petty officialdom, honeycombed by corruption, will ultimately result in an unavoidable climax. Then the violent popular forces now at work shall lift into freedom the much suffering Russian people, trained since centuries in resignation, but when roused, unforgiving and cruel. The cheapened and prostituted peasant shall then crave revenge for past grievances and many a representative of the bureaucratic system will have to pay the penalty and atone for the sins and stupid blunders of the administration.

This time is perhaps not so extremely remote, and the ominous and defiant attitude of the people against the hateful governmental machine of the autocracy is a sign, the significance of which cannot be misunderstood. The people has not yet presented to the czar its request to render an account of what he has done with the thousands of lives and millions of money it has sacrificed for the contemptuous selfishness and unscrupulous plans of his ministers. The hour of reckoning, the real danger will arrive now when the war is over.

When Russia finally finds out that in spite of her tremendous resources she is enmeshed in debt, her credit lost, her prestige shaken; her best sons killed or driven in exile; the bulwark of the nation, the peasantry, hopelessly impoverished and starved; then she, the Russia of the masses, will take the law into her own hands, then there will be no grace given to those who are guilty. No tricks and guiles of the camarilla that surrounds the czar will then avail, no vacillation or swerving will be tolerated, no subterfuge can be resorted to.

(To be Continued)

The General's Labor Day

By Historicus

Gen. Otis gave a picnic on Labor Day. The guests had been bidden, the feast had been prepared and "The Outpost" at Hollywood was the scene of chastened festivity. The invitation list caused "the General" much vexation of spirit, but the refusals, "regrets" and apologies, caused him more. For, be it understood, it is "the General's" firm conviction that an invitation to "The Outpost" or "The Bivouac" (the General always did love to play at soldiering) is equivalent to a royal command, and only death or paralysis are accepted as sufficient excuse for those that are bidden not putting in an appearance.

It was also significant that "the General" selected "Labor Day" as the date of his pastoral festivities. There have been years when "Labor Day" was no picnic for H. G. O. In the first place it has been the day of days that is damned in the nethermost part of the Otisian soul, for on this day Union Labor has a cheerful way of parading its strength and having a good time generally. The very thought of Unionists on parade raises the Otisian gorge. And it is only three or four years ago that the martial spirit of the "Hero of the Rubicon, the Caloocan, etc.," (References to Gen. MacArthur) was terribly aroused over the contingencies of this celebration.

Some practical joker whispered into "the Gen-

eral's" ear that the Labor Unionists—there was to be a night parade—had prepared to make a hostile demonstration in front of the Times office.

"We must be prepared for the worst," quoth "the General" to his trusty aide-de-camp, Jakey Baum. "You will prepare General Orders, Nos. 11313 to 11315, Harrison Gray Otis commanding. You will serve these orders to every man, woman, and child on the staff of the Times, commanding them to be present in good order and duly accoutred at the time appointed. You will then abandon, for the time being, Our trusty type-writer, hitherto the most potent weapon in Our arsenal, and you will arm yourself cap-à-pie, holding in your right hand the machete I captured from a Filipino maiden and in your left my brace of ante-bellum pistols, cocked and primed for immediate service. Your duty will be to stand in front of Us at every turn, to shield Our Person from stray bullet or chance assault. We shall have our headquarters in the cellar, and a bastion of rolls of white paper shall be built around Us. My son-in-law, Harry the Chandler, who is himself of goodly proportions in girth, shall remain without Our citadel.

"Our editorial hirelings shall guard the main gates. You will see that each one of them is duly and fully armed with rifles and revolvers that I have already ordered from the Arms and Sporting Goods houses. The reporters, used to facing every emergency for Our sake, will form the van-guard. The printers shall each be armed with slugs of metal, weighing 20 pounds and calculated to prove formidable projectiles. My trusty" (in those days) "Chapin must be posted at one of the front windows—he need

only display some of his cartoons to scare the mob."

And so on, but it were idle to reproduce all those wonderful military orders drafted for the assault upon the Times's breastworks which of course never materialized.

As I remember it, the Union Labor parade did not even honor the Times by including First and Broadway in its line of march. The military soul of H. G. O., thirsting for gore, was doomed to disappointment. But, at least, he had the satisfaction of discovering into what an impenetrable fortress the Times building could be converted and also what an immune retreat the cellar of the building provided.

But last Monday was a picnic of peace, and the elect paid their obeisance. Among those present were some surprises. Several of those who in the past have graced the famous Otis Index Expurgationus—known to "the General" in far less polite parlance—had been forgiven and received the baptism of regeneration in the Otisian punch at "The Outpost." The little army of lick-spittlers, who fawn at "the General's" feet and put their fingers to their noses behind his back, were, of course, on hand. Many honorable gentlemen, who regard it as better policy to be immune from the Bludgeon, also brought peace offerings. "The General" like other famous men has developed a passion for fancy poultry. If your name is inscribed on the Bad Book, it is possible to have it expunged by presenting the warrior-editor with a fancy peacock. There should be a boom in the gallinaceous bird soon.

In the meantime, "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined". "The General" "spread himself" on Labor Day and gave Al Levy carte blanche.

Bridge and the Immortals

By Pauline B. Barrington

Jupiter thoughtfully looked down on his Gods and Goddesses. He saw that the Spirit of Ennui rested heavily upon them. For eons they had been traveling over the clouds of Time but being immortal, there appeared no end in view.

Venus yawned at Apollo's half-hearted attempts at making love. Minerva propped her head on her hand as she wearily searched for wisdom. Cassandra crossly refused to prophesy. Even the Sirens ceased their singing when they found the harp of Orpheus mute. The Immortals were bored to extinction.

Suddenly, Mercury came bursting through the clouds, winged sandals all a'flutter and went straight to the throne of Jupiter.

"Jupiter, thou all powerful one," he exclaimed, "Thy messenger hath been to visit the Earth, and there found a royal game, worthy of immortals. Thy messenger made bold to purchase the two volumes of Elwellus on Bridgeolus and these packs of mortal cards." Mercury bowed to the ground.

Jupiter who knoweth all things saith, "We will thank thee to show the game to our little children," and he waved his thunderbolt toward the Gods and Goddesses, who by now had roused themselves at the thought of something new.

In less time than it takes me to write it, the Gods and Goddesses had mastered both the beginners' and advanced volumes of Elwellus, and were deep in the game.

Then Jupiter, being too high and grand to play himself, looked down and saw groups of four, here and there, all over the clouds, busily playing with

oblong cards covered with black and red markings and with lovely gold edges.

Snatches of surprising conversation were brought to the godlike ears of Jupiter by the soft zephyrs. "Atlanta, thou revoked!" "Juno, I didn't, so there!" "Apollo, son of a thunderbolt, give me that trick, it belongs not to thee!" "Minerva, thou who art so smart, why didst thou not establish thy long suit before leading forth thy aces!" "Hebe, my angel goddess, thou didst trump my trick!" "Well, I don't care, Bacchus, I remembered not thy long suit!"

Jupiter heard no more, for he became so interested in watching the game. Of course knowing everything he understood the game of Bridgeolus perfectly.

"O Jupiter, my husband," called Juno from the foot of the throne, where Venus and Apollo were playing against Mercury and herself. "Please, lend me thy golden eagle to put up on this game?" "What?" thundered the God, more surprised than angry. Stepping majestically from his throne he said, "Come, Juno, my dear, let me take thy place, and show Thee how the all powerful Jupiter can play this little game."

And Jupiter was so entranced with the little game, that to add interest to it, he put up his golden eagle against Mercury's sandals, the sea pearls from the lustrous hair of Venus and Apollo's bow and arrows.

How the game came out I have not heard, but Bridgeolus forced Ennui from the field and helped the Immortals across the clouds of Time.

By The Way

Another Use for Owens River.

By the time this issue of the **Graphic** is published, the initial issue of bonds for the Owens River scheme will have been endorsed by the people by a vote of, I venture to prophecy, at least ten to one. That omniscient lawyer, expert engineer and prince of tenderfoot muddlers, Henry Loewenthal, at last "woke up" and retreated from the ridiculous position he had striven to maintain, withdrawing the Examiner's opposition to the bond issue. I have failed to discover a single argument that had any justification for voting against this issue of bonds. There are still a few people who will oppose any proposition that is urged by the Times, and who view with grave suspicion any scheme endorsed by General Otis, but it is possible for even General Otis occasionally to be right and to be disinterested save for the public good. Before the next issue of bonds is needed, the entire scheme will be submitted to a commission of the best engineers in the country, who will examine and criticize Mr. Mulholland's plans. The biggest battle on the Owens River scheme has yet to come. The issue will be joined between the people and the power and lighting companies. It has been calculated that the Owens River when brought over the San Fernando mountains will yield 120,000 to 123,000 horse power. That may be an exaggerated estimate, but it is worthy of notice that it is about three times the amount of horse-power at present inducted into this city by the lighting and power companies. And such power is destined, obviously, to prove another very valuable asset of this scheme to the city. There will at once be put forward a plan on the part of the power and lighting corporations to negotiate with the city for this power. The city should be in no hurry to part with such an invaluable possession. Municipal Lighting is as inevitable as that day succeeds night. It is only those personally interested in the lighting companies that oppose it. But the opposition will be strong and vehement. Its banner will be flung to the breeze by the Los Angeles Times, one of whose mouthpieces has already declared privately, "We are against municipal ownership—it spells Socialism." Nevertheless, when once Los Angeles has harnessed the Owens River, we need no longer suffer inadequate light and disproportionate prices.

What It Means.

Reckoning that 30,000 inches of water will be brought to the Pacoima creek and calculating a fall of 2000 feet, this would give the harnessed Owens River theoretical horse power of 135,924, which at a conservative estimate is 90,000 net horse power. Now when you consider that the power companies are charging from \$82 to \$150 a horse power per annum, and in bulk \$50 a horse power per annum, you can readily see what a mine to this city such dynamic energy means. The power companies are said to have already expressed their willingness to pay the city \$15 per horse power! It may be that the Owens River will never bring 30,000 inches of water over the San Fernando mountain—there are engineers of repute who are ready to stake their reputation that it will not bring 10,000 (from Charley's Butte)—

but there should be all the power needed to light the city and to supply Mr. Huntington beside.

Fiat Justitia.

It seems that last week I exaggerated Mr. Charles F. Lummis's modesty. I presumed that since he had only averaged three and a half hours per diem in the Library during the month of August, he would only apply for half a month's salary, or \$125. But Mr. Lummis has a very different idea of the value of his services from that entertained by anyone else, and he put in a warrant for the entire amount. The warrant, however, has been held up. With the present board of directors, Mr. Lummis apparently has only got to ask for anything to get it. His latest project—to give himself something to do—is to collect and edit a compendium of personal biography—"Who's Who in Los Angeles." Before he completes this intrepid task he is likely to learn what's what in Los Angeles. Lummis's ideas of managing a public library are aboriginal, but I do not imagine he will stay in the Library long enough to carry out many of them. The Council has not shown any disposition to be "pulled down" from the pending investigation, despite the fervid arguments of Brother Dockweiler and the stupid pretense that the inquiry would cost \$5000. Earl Rogers who will appear in the investigation as the Mayor's counsel, does not figure that the expenses, outside of a stenographer's fee, will be thirty cents. He has been there before and ought to know. But in any case, Fiat justitia, ruat Leo.

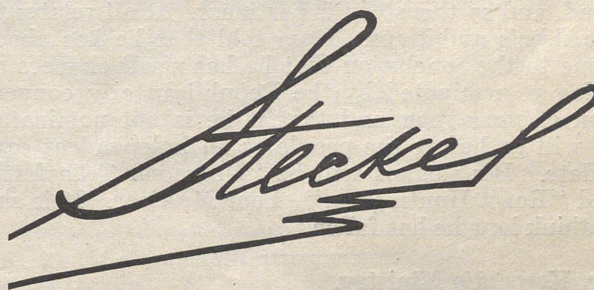
A Lovely Deal.

The Gamewell-Alarm-People-the-City-Electrician-and-Mayor McAleer are doing their best to deprive Special Officer C. L. Foster of the fruits of his ingenuity in establishing a really effective police signal system. Mr. Foster has operated his system for several years in the Westlake district, in conjunction with the Home Telephone Company. The Foster red light signals on the top of the telephone poles, whenever police service is needed, have been commended by all who have investigated the subject. The Gamewell has been cursed for its inefficiency, but the Gamewell system stays.

Blanchard's "Friendship."

I am told that Councilman Blanchard's "friend-

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ship" for the Gamewell system is responsible for the action of the city authorities. I do not know the foundation of Blanchard's "friendship," but I can guess. The Gamewell pull has always outbalanced the merits of the Foster system.

Straddling the Issue.

Realizing the defects of the Gamewell system, the Gamewell-Alarm-People-Mayor-McAleer-and-the-City Electrician devised the "Manahan system." The "Manahan system" involves placing a red light on the top of the electric light poles and instructing all police officers to run to the nearest Gamewell box and report whenever this red light appears. Of course the idea is stolen bodily from Foster and it involves the use of the inefficient Gamewell system. Naturally there will come a call for more Gamewell boxes and the city will be at the foolish expense of investing in a discredited alarm system. It is pertinent to ask why the city should pay \$90 or \$95 for each additional Gamewell box. It is pertinent to ask who gets the commission on each box thus foisted on the city. It is pertinent to ask whether the "Manahan system" which is being tried on one pole out on Norwood street will not render the city liable to suit for infringement of Foster's patents. The city is having an awful dose from the Gamewell-Alarm-People-Mayor-McAleer-and-the-City-Electrician.

Among Those Present.

I notice that, in the Times's own verbiage, General Otis's hospitality on Labor Day was also enjoyed by "a few special guests, whose associations brought them into the gathering." Among those present was Senator Flint. What! Frank P. Flint? The same gentleman and statesman upon whose devoted head were visited, less than a year ago, all the vials of the General's vindictive wrath and the quintessence of insults, because he was opposing the Hon. Thomas R. Bard, the General's selection for the U. S. Senate? I wonder, Senator, what kind of "associations" brought you to the gathering? But I do not blame you, Senator; rather do I envy you your calm restraint and peaceableness. The art of being all things to all men is an indispensable attribute of the successful politician. But at the same time it must be rather a queer sensation to be fed by the hand that struck you—even if it is only barbecued meat.

Too Bad.

It is a shame to tell this political yarn, for I hate to appear antagonistic to the politically dead. However as long as Mayor McAleer is Mayor, he comes within the scope of political discussion, even though dead, and so this story is pertinent. It all relates to McAleer's ambitions. I am told that he has about come to the conclusion that he has small chances of being re-nominated by the Republican city convention of next year, and that if he is not nominated he will go before the people as an independent candidate. His slogans will be "Universal Transfers" and "Roast Huntington." Poor McAleer. It is sad to think how he has fallen.

Dr. Howard's Ministry.

Churchgoers who like their preachers to combine individual intellectuality with their worship of God will welcome the return of the Rev. Burt Estes Howard, who preached his first sermon as pastor of the Church of the Unity last Sunday morning. While

there is an increasing demand for the intellectual minister, it must be admitted that the clergy of Los Angeles with a few exceptions are content for the most part with the old, and to many blessed, style of exhortation and homily. The Rev. William Horace Day of the First Congregational church has a trained intellect and combines fervid preaching of the Gospel with original thought and scholarly diction. Bishop Conaty is a great scholar as well as a great churchman. Dr. J. S. Thomson used to attract a congregation of intellectual men and women. Dr. Dowling also built up the fine congregation at Christ church by the power of his mind and his personal magnetism. I hope, indeed, that the Church of the Unity has found an anchor in Burt Estes Howard and that he has found an anchor in the church. Dr. Howard's initial sermon was, says the Rev. J. H. Phillips, "one calculated to move his hearers to positive faith, and practical Christian service." "A man lives by believing something, not by arguing and debating about many things." The religion that is wanted today is, says Dr. Howard, "not content with the mere conventionalities of dilettante worship and observance of sheer proprieties. . . . It should grip the problems that fret the soul and body of men. It should push into the tangled thicket of greed and selfishness and sin, organize the public conscience and clear a broad place where the least man of us may get at least a man's chance at living a clean, wholesome life . . . a religion more eager to save men than to preserve its mannerisms." If Dr. Howard preaches and practices this kind of religion, I venture to prophecy that the Church of the Unity will not long be big enough to hold his congregation. He has, I understand, undertaken to serve as pastor for a year at least. I sincerely hope he will spend a much longer time among us. His predecessors have forsaken the ministry for other fields. The Rev. C. J. K. Jones is growing oranges and practicing law in Florida; Mr. Haskell, I believe, is now in the real estate business. Dr. Howard has, I hope, found his metier and will stay by it.

Madame Severance's Reminiscences.

I alluded the other day to the fact that Madame Caroline M. Severance was writing her Reminiscences and I prophesied that it would be a most interesting volume. I find I was mistaken, at least, in the first part of this announcement. Madame Severance, though a hard worker at eighty-five years of age, hardly felt herself equal to such a task, which is being performed for her by Mrs. George Drake Ruddy, who has the pen of a ready writer and who has for some time been sitting at Madame Severance's feet (figuratively) and absorbing this charming gentlewoman's reminiscences. Mrs. Ruddy has, I am told, almost completed her task, and the book will readily find a publisher. Mrs. Ruddy, it will be recalled, recently gave to the press an interesting brochure that dealt with the early days of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. She also has been the author of several other books.

Local "Salons."

It is remarkable that these two ladies, both of whom have taken a strong interest in women's club work, are the only two women in Los Angeles who have established anything like a "salon". Madame Severance's charming home frequently forms the rendezvous of many thoughtful men and women, who besides paying homage to their venerable hostess

discuss with her the sociological problems of the day. Mrs. Drake Ruddy last spring formed a delightful "cercle" of "intellectuals", of men and women who do their thinking for themselves and are not timid in advancing very radical ideas. Mr. and Mrs. Drake Ruddy are both keenly interested in the "doctrine"—though that is a poor name for it—and the work of B. Fay Mills and the aims of The Fellowship. This very modern preacher frequently led discussions at the Ruddys' house on Wilshire Boulevard last spring, and one of the memorable meetings of the "cercle" was graced by the presence of Elbert Hubbard.

Open, Sesame!

There is, however, and has been for ten years or more, a club of intellectual discussion. Its members are very carefully selected and candidates have to survive the scrutiny of the ballot. Neither the club's proceedings nor its personnel are ever allowed to creep into print. It rejoices in the attractively mysterious name of "The Sesame" and the members meet once a month, except in summer, at the home of one of the members. Many well known men and women belong to The Sesame, among the membership being Bishop and Mrs. Joseph H. Johnson, Major and Mrs. Henry T. Lee, Judge and Mrs. Enoch Knight, Judge and Mrs. L. A. Groff, Mr. Charles Cassat Davis, Miss Frances Groff, Mr. and Mrs. Sam T. Clover, and Mrs. Margaret Collier Graham. Many valuable papers on music, art and literature have been read at these exclusive gatherings, but I believe this is the first time that "Open, Sesame" has been suggested in print.

A Cat Show.

Los Angeles is to have a cat show, thanks to the energy of several local ladies who make a specialty of breeding blooded cats. The show will be held in conjunction with the next poultry show, which is to be given in the week from January 3rd to 8th of next year. The feline fanciers have appointed a committee to arrange the preliminaries and details of the exhibit. This committee consists of Mrs. J. C. Girton, Mrs. J. W. Searle, Mrs. Stone and Mrs. G. H. Kriechbaum. There is no doubt that all of the best bred cats in the south will be brought to the show, for the committee is made up of enthusiasts. Mrs. Girton who is one of the most noted American experts on the cat will devote a goodly portion of her time from now until the show in bringing all owners to the exhibit.

The Tiniest Thespian.

Charlie Eyton, Morosco's right hand man at the Burbank, was rubbing his hands gloatingly at the prospect of the S. R. O. sign at the Labor Day matinee of "If I Were King". There came a knock at the door of the private office. Eyton peeped out. A little fellow, under three feet in size and double figures in age, looked up at him and boldly asked: "Do you recognize the profession?"

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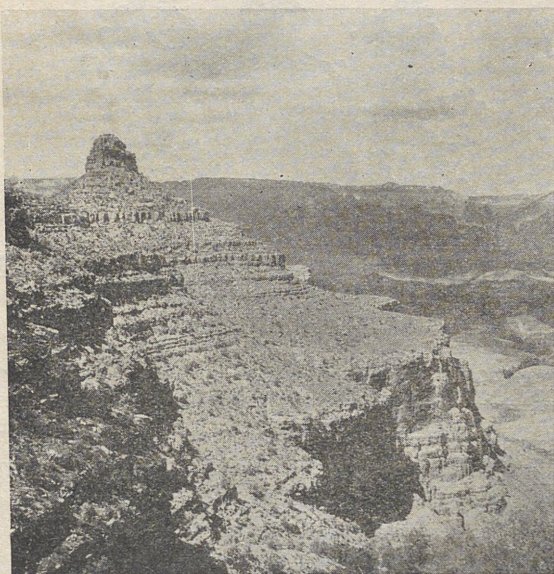


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"Why, certainly", replied Eyton, wondering whose messenger the kiddo was.

"Thank you", politely answered the little fellow, extending his hand, "I'm Tommy of the Cabbage Patch".

And Tommy, of course, was given the best in the house.

Jerome Hart's Latest Travels.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce for immediate publication "A Levantine Log Book," by Jerome Hart. It is a volume in the same vein as his "Argonaut Letters" and "Two Argonauts in Spain." It will be profusely illustrated from original photographs. The author tells of a stay of two seasons in the Levant, whence he returned in May of this year. Mr. Hart is editor of the San Francisco Argonaut.

Employer—"Well, what did he say to you?"

Clerk—"That he'd break every bone in my body and pitch me out of the window if I showed my face in his office again!"

Employer—"Then go back and tell him that he is vastly mistaken if he thinks he can intimidate me by his violence."
—Life.

After Grafters.

If the vigilance of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, personified by Felix Zeehandelaar, succeeds in ridding the city of a number of the grafters of the Frances Hale type, they will bestow the greatest blessing to those honest solicitors here, who thereby earn their daily bread. So thoroughly has this ripe territory been worked that merchants and professional men and women are now turning a deaf ear to entreaties for subscriptions and donations to charitable and other institutions, no matter what credentials are shown by the agents. Better, they think, to carry funds straightway to charity than through the channel of the ordinary solicitor working not for glory nor for "sweet charity", as Miss Hale was wont to say, when all other persuasions failed. Not long since a well known woman photographer was approached by an agent of a daily sheet for a "write-up" in a special edition for which he was soliciting. Not caring for the article for advertising, she told him she did not care for such advertising, nor would she even discuss it. He was persistent, however, and finally succeeded in convincing her that if she were to subscribe her name for fifteen dollars, he would take the amount out in photographs. She even demurred at this but finally yielded to rid herself of the importunate. Later a bill for the amount was sent her and payment demanded. She visited the office of the daily newspaper, but was told that the special edition was none of their doing—they had loaned their name to a peripatetic firm for the special edition on a percentage. My friend, the photographer, was instructed to call on the firm. On visiting them she was told such an agent had been in their employ but was not now. She was told she must pay for the "write-up", notwithstanding the fact that the newspaper concerned has fairly made a picture gallery of her work in days gone by, for which she received no remuneration except the printed credit. This is but a sample of the stories to be heard on every side, and now honest men and women of business are wondering where the justice lies in their working hard for commissions, while grafters are permitted to evade the clutches of the law and with

cool effrontery carry away a few thousand dollars from each town they visit.

A Literary Find.

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Harry Andrews, the Mean Man From Maine, and city editor of the Times, wheeling about in his large chair in the Times office, "we have some remarkable brains in the editorial department of the Times. We have one of the most brilliant writers in this or in any other land."

Mr. Andrews was at peace with himself. He had just delivered an impressive lecture on the "Ethics of Journalism" as practiced in Snauk-a-Pogue, Maine, and in Pasadena where he imbibed all his ideas of running a newspaper. He had had the pleasure of frowning on a lady who protested at the ill-treatment of her friends at the hands of the Times. He lazily contemplated his own greatness and went on:

"This latest find of mine is a marvel. He would not paraphrase or crib anything for love or money. He has just written something about the sale of Abraham Lincoln's birthplace, and I am going to see that it is published. Listen while I read."

Mr. Andrews read as follows:

The little Kentucky farm that cradled America's and best beloved President cannot be taken from or added to in real value by act of any living man. It gave first footplace to a life as noble as any that ever shed its unwavering light on the shadowed stream of a nation's destiny. It gave beginning to a martyrdom so brave and tender, so stately and so sweet that its influence vibrates today through every fiber of the republic, and shall abide for fairness and fearlessness until peoples and governments shall perish from the earth.

Conscious pride could be discerned in the beaming countenance and expanding embonpoint of Harry E. Andrews. He had unearthed a new celebrity. He was elated with the originality of expression of his literary find. I wonder if Harry E. Andrews ever read Lincoln's Dedictory Address at the field of Gettysburg. I wonder if he knows that Abraham Lincoln ever delivered such an address.

Al Searl Recovering.

I am glad to hear that Albert Searl, one of the best known news hustlers in the city, and one of the shrewdest political reporters on the Coast, is convalescent after a severe siege of appendicitis. Searl's condition was exceedingly critical, as the operation was too long delayed, but he stood the ordeal well. He is almost as well known in Sacramento as in Los Angeles, and hundreds of his friends will rejoice at his recovery.

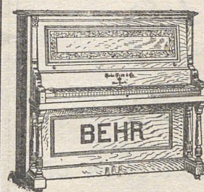
A Big Deal.

"Bob" Rowan cannot sleep well at night unless he turns at least one big real estate deal a week. Any day I expect to hear that he has sold Abbot Kinney's gore at Ninth and the junction of Spring and Main streets. It was on this venture, I believe, that he visited San Francisco this week. Mr. Kinney is bent on disposing of his Los Angeles realty and salting his superfluous funds at Venice. The price quoted in the dailies for the gore was \$450,000, but I understand the San Francisco party who is "dickering" for it can have it at \$300,000. Who is it? Well, it is either the Crocker estate or W. R. Hearst, and I am inclined to think that it's the latter. Mr. Hearst is paying \$12,000 a year for his leased premises at

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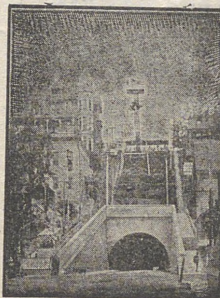
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The three-year-old prodigy who hailed the slim new moon as "Dod's finger nail" last week gravely assisted her father, a well known theatrical man, in the obsequies of her pet kitten. When the last sad rites were over she said:

"Papa, do cats go to heaven?"

"No, dear; I'm afraid not."

"But why don't cats go to heaven if birds do?"

"Why do you think birds go to heaven?"

"Because I went to the place where you buried Dicky last summer, and when I dug him up he was all gone, so I know birds go to heaven."

The Major Enjoying Himself.

Major Ben Truman, who is at Wawona in the Yosemite, writes me effusively about the venison and trout they are having there, dishes which he intimates pale the duel dinners which the Examiner recently described. "We have trout every day, and venison often," the Major writes, "and in September and October plenty of quail and grouse." The Major adds that judging from the bills of fare of the two duel dinners, he cannot see why. Ed Naud did not receive the award. He hopes Mr. Naud will have another set-to. So does Otheman Stevens.

Successful Business Woman.

There are any number of stories about men who have made money in real estate dealings of late, but what do you think of a young woman, who had no reason to work at investments, yet who went at it just from ambition and who has created a business which gives her a tremendous income, and besides has accumulated a very snug fortune, all in the past twelve months? Miss Louisa Clauson is the young lady. She has an office in the city and also one at Ocean Park. About a year ago she came into the possession of a few, a very few, thousand dollars. There was not any reason why she should go into business, for she had all that loving kindred could provide, but this money was all her very own, and with it came the sense of usefulness. She made a few investments at the beach, and picked up a neat profit. Then came some more buying and selling, then she found she had gone so far as to require an office and a stenographer, and from that on it was all easy. She now keeps a handsome cottage at Ocean Park, a maid, a cook, a motor car and a chauffeur, has her house full of friends and relatives, and is the happiest of all modern women, one who is absolutely independent and self-reliant. Report credits her with having made a fortune of several hundred thousand dollars. I think report exaggerates somewhat, but she certainly has made a good fortune, and has demonstrated that there is something more to life than attending afternoon teas and bridge.

A Good Investment.

Talking about real estate money, Henry O'Melveny lately closed a lease of some property on the corner of Broadway and Fifth street, by which he leases it for \$10,000 a year. I am told that the lot cost him originally about half the income he will get from it for a twelve month.

A Wise Reporter.

Lots of fellows make money when they set seriously to work. There is Paul Haag, who some five years ago was a newspaper man on the Times and later on the Herald. Paul came out here from New York where he had been on the Sun, and having a bright pen made his way quickly. But fortunately he got into some mix-up with his city editor and was thrown out. He went to San Francisco, made some business acquaintances, and now is a manager of one of the large financial institutions of that city, with a bigger salary than he would have got if he stayed at newspapering for a century.

The Way of the Transgressor.

Remember Billy Vice, who skipped out of San Francisco about two years ago owing the Union Pacific something like \$10,000? The last heard of him he was Chief of Police of Caracas. Vice was for some time stationed in this city, but was promoted to the San Francisco office of the company, which was his undoing. He was like Dick Shilling of the O. R. & N. Company at Portland who was submerged in financial difficulties some three years ago, and disappeared between two suns. Some globe-trotters a year ago were in Johannesburg, South Africa, where they found Dick operating a concert hall, and making money hand over fist. The way of the transgressor is not always so blooming hard as the Good Book would have it.

French Husbands.

Just now Frenchmen are living in the fear that the law may compel them under penalty to love their wives. Hitherto the French Marriage Code has limited itself to declaring that the contracting parties owe each other mutual esteem, fidelity, and succour. Nothing is mentioned about love. An eminent playwright, M. Paul Hervieu, thinks that people who enter the bonds of wedlock should also be required by law to love one another. M. Hervieu expressed his views before a parliamentary committee formed to consider certain reforms in the code, and apparently a majority of the members are inclined to share his view on the ground that it is in the interests of morality for the law to recognize love in matrimony.

The desire of the average Frenchman to obtain a quid pro quo in marriage is evidenced in all classes. Love enters very little indeed into the making of the vast majority of French marriages. French people as a rule marry because it is to their mutual interests. Aristocratic marriages are purely a question of convenience. Among the middle and lower classes marriage is principally a question of dollars and cents. The professional man and the mechanic alike look forward in contracting a marriage to finding, in the shape of his wife's dowry, value corresponding to the position he holds or the annual income he derives from his profession.

In Morgan's Library.

J. Pierpont Morgan, besides possessing one of the greatest art collections in the world, including such trifles as the Fragonard panels which were painted for Madame Pompadour and cost him \$1,250,000, is also a bibliophile. He owns one of the most superb volumes in the world—"The Golden Gospels," presented by the Pope to Henry VIII on the publication of the latter's reply to Martin Luther, for which he



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received the title of "Defender of the Faith." The manuscript was written in the year 750 in gold letters upon 144 purple vellum leaves. It is emblazoned by Holbein with the royal arms in gold and the binding is jewelled. In the library are the manuscripts of "Paradise Lost" and Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," which cost \$25,000 each, and \$4,000 was given for the manuscript of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." There is a set of Dickens worth \$50,000 and an Old Testament illustrated by Tissot which cost \$5,000. William Morris's library, consisting of 700 books, was purchased at the rate of \$1,250 per volume. Among them were thirty-two of the best examples of Caxton's printing. Amongst other valuable works is the "Psalmorum Codex," which has been called the grandest book ever printed; it was certainly one of the most expensive, for it cost nearly \$30,000.

The Worst Book of the Year.

French novels have a more or less shocking reputation, and it is interesting news to hear that the most shocking book published this year is written by a woman and the owner of one of the oldest titles in France. The Countess de Noailles has already acquired some reputation both as a novelist and as a poet. "Le Visage Emerveille," a story dealing with the love adventures of a young nun which she published last year, caused no end of scandal not only in the world to which the countess belongs but in all literary circles in the French capital. Her latest production goes much further, and for sheer impropriety "Domination" is said to break even the Parisian record. It is a story showing all the passions of which man's "heart" is capable.

White Whittlesey, who has almost as many admirers in Los Angeles as in San Francisco, made a speech at a matinee a week ago in San Francisco, which, in Josephine Hart Phelps's estimation in the Argonaut, was one of the most successful curtain speeches on record. Said the matinee idol, as he advanced to the footlights and looked confidently and smilingly into the eyes of a packed houseful of his adorers: "I hope I may be pardoned if I am personal in my remarks, but I wonder if you have any idea of what a pleasant sight it is to see so many pretty women together."

At this point the actor was interrupted by a unanimous gurgling of delight that swept over the theater like a toy cyclone.

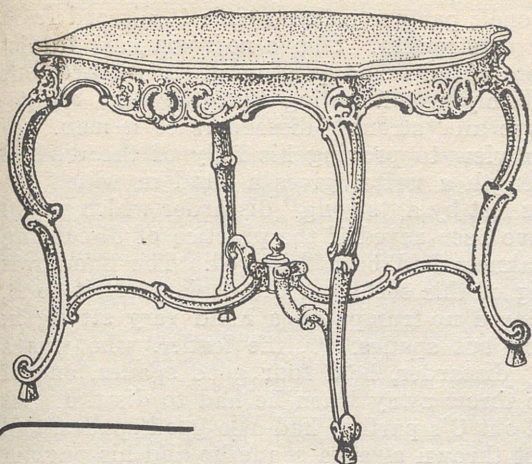
Then he added, possibly to console those most distantly removed from the complimentary fire of the Whittlesonian orbs:

"For, as I look over the house, I take it for granted that those in the rear are just as charming as those in front." Then, with his most feminine air, he added, with an impulsive burst of irrelevance:

"I wonder what you all think of David Payne's decision in the first play, 'The Great Interrogation'."

At this point the serried ranks of femininity seemed to silently palpitate with a universal but nobly repressed desire to all speak at once. During the pause the actor and his audience were for the moment almost as closely in touch as if they were a group of people having a social chat on the ever absorbing subject of marriage.

"Of course," continued Mr. Whittlesey in reply, as it were, to the speaking silence, "I shall never know." And then, with a word or two more of



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thanks, the speech ended, and the buzz of comment began.

"Isn't he just lovely?" said a pretty girl in her teens, all hung with lace and bead-and-bangled bijouteries. "I don't see how any one can dare to think he is such a Lizzie!"

"It's the men," succinctly responded her black-eyed comrade. "They're jealous."

One of the best stories told at the Bohemian Club jinks was out of Dave Warfield's repertoire. Warfield is at his best when telling Jew stories. He related that there was once a Jew who went gunning for one of the Chosen People for having alienated his wife's affections. The man with the gun, in telling of his experience with the culprit said, "and ven I pointed the revollver at his head he looked it all over and he asked me vot I wanted for it."

"Did you kill him?" he was asked.

He answered in disgust: "You can't kill a man vat wants to do peezness mit you."

Notes On Bridge.

Of the making of bridge books there is no end. The latest addition to bridge literature has the somewhat comprehensive title "Correct Bridge; or, How to Play to the Best Advantage." The sub-title at any rate accurately describes what many of us have been attempting to do with indifferent success since we first learned the fascinating game. Seriously, I have no doubt at all that notwithstanding the multiplicity of works on bridge there is plenty of room for "Correct Bridge." The writers of even the most elementary bridge primers have hitherto, I think, assumed too much. Mr. Agacy in "Correct Bridge"

takes nothing for granted in his readers, not even a knowledge of some of the simplest principles of whist. He assumes, in fact, that a large percentage of bridge-players are lacking in the "card instinct" and require to have their "i's" very plainly dotted for them. In his opening chapter, for instance, he explains at some length the difference between leading away from a tenace and having your tenace led up to. Only he carefully avoids the word "tenace," and makes his meaning clear by concrete examples. Mr. Agacy has had a wide and varied experience of bridge and bridge-players, and he has evidently closely observed the kind of blunders made by beginners. His advice on "forcing" the strong hand ought to be marked, learned, and inwardly digested by that somewhat numerous class of players to whom it is perfect torture to see their best cards trumped.

In my opinion the least convincing chapter in the book is that dealing with discards. As a distinguished whist-player Mr. Agacy thinks that the discard ought to be a matter of common sense. He does not advise his readers to discard either from strength or weakness but on a principle which though perfectly intelligible to anybody who has ever played good whist will, I am afraid, be somewhat puzzling to those players for whom his book is intended. The inflexible discard, whether from strength or weakness, will often lead to disaster, but in advising unimaginative players—those, in fact, who are void of the "card instinct"—I am sure it is wiser to lay down a definite rule. Of course I admit that with intelligent players common sense must largely direct their discards, but even among such players it is undoubtedly helpful to know

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whether one's partner makes a rule to discard from weakness or strength. I have no room here to discuss at length the vexed question of the discard, but it is certainly worth noting that the best bridge-players are all "strong" discarders to a man.

With a view to proving his folly of the discard from strength a writer gives a hand in which the game was lost by a "strong" discarder which would easily have been saved if the practice of discarding from weakness had been followed. The hand was something of this sort: A, the dealer, left it to B, who declared no-trumps on a hand very strong in everything but spades. C, the leader, who was a "strong" discarder, held four good spades, one of which he threw away when he had to discard. As it turned out C's partner had also good spades, and had C not thrown away a spade he and his partner would have made four tricks in that suit. But the instance only proves that C was exceedingly unintelligent and nothing at all for or against the discard from strength. As the exposed hand had strength in three suits C's partner was bound to lead the fourth suit, to wit, a spade, on getting in, and C, by his discard, broke up a good suit to convey an absolutely useless piece of information to his partner. No advocate of the discard from strength claims that it should override common sense. If I—a weak discarder—am playing against a no-trump declaration, and holding ace and three little spades and queen and two small diamonds throw away a diamond and never make my queen, what earthly bearing has my stupidity on the pros and cons of the discard from weakness.—M. R. R. in The Tatler.

Some time during the coming week S. Conradi, the well known jeweler, will be installed in his enlarged quarters under the Hollenbeck Hotel. Whedon & Spreng have removed and the entire frontage formerly occupied by this firm and by Mr. Conradi's store will be taken up by the larger Conradi establishment. When the alterations are completed Mr. Conradi will have a floor space 30 by 48 feet. The fixtures will all be of mahogany, and the front of plate and prism glass will be one of the most attractive in Los Angeles. The interior is so arranged that the show cases will be in the form of a horseshoe, and there will be large wall cases along both lengths of the room. Mr. Conradi will have one room devoted entirely to diamonds. His reputation as an expert in these gems is known to discriminating buyers all over this end of the state.

L. T. Shettler has cheerful news this week. Last week, he says, purchasers "cleaned out" his stock of Reos, five touring cars and three runabouts. He has four carloads ordered, and all will be here probably by the end of September.

Reo auto tourists have been writing letters to Bro. Shettler, telling him what a nice time they are having scooting about the country in their cars. L. H. Course sent word that he was about to leave San Francisco for this point; E. K. Green said that he was having a nice time in the California tropics and that he expected to "do" San Diego before returning. "Wild Bill" Ruess forwarded the information that he had got lost in the Calabasas jungles, and that he wouldn't return until he had captured a deer.

Autos and Autoists

Edited by A. P. FLEMING
Sec. of the Auto Club of So. Cal.

H. C. Trowbridge, manager of the commercial vehicle department of the Olds Motor Works of Detroit, spent the week in Los Angeles. He is making a tour of the larger agencies of the Olds Motor Works. Mr. Trowbridge's visit is of interest to autoists because his company is an exponent of the automobile as a commercial commodity.

This company looks upon the auto as the commercial vehicle of the future and extremely important in the business world. They have turned out many more business cars this year than last, and propose to start a crusade of education, showing the public generally the advantages of the motor wagon over the vehicle drawn by horses. Mr. Trowbridge declares that there is no reason why the automobile should not be generally used for truckage purposes in this country as well as in Europe. In London, he says, four-fifths of the truckage business is done by huge automobiles.

In the east the automobile is being used more generally in the commercial world than it is here, but Mr. Trowbridge asserts that the west is fast learning the advantages of this class of vehicle, and believes that in a short time it will be almost entirely used.

While the auto will always be popular as a vehicle of pleasure, its real purpose, he believes, is to expedite freight hauling, and in future years the great majority of automobiles will be constructed for commercial purposes.


Friday, September 15 is the day which has been set aside to settle the dispute which L. T. Shettler and W. K. Cowan have hatched up over who's which in Southern California automobiling. Having been so unfortunate as to have tied for first honors in the long-to-be-remembered endurance run to Santa Barbara, it has been decided that the only real means of learning which has the better machine, if either has, is to take to the highway and do it all over again. This time the principal points to be observed will be economy, reliability and consumption of gasoline.

Someone with a keen sense of humor has suggested that the winner donate the \$100 he is awarded to "charity." I have a suspicion that the stenographers of both houses have whispered in the ears of the respective heads of the houses that "charity begins at home." When each slips the clutch next Friday he will doubtless have this homely adage in mind.

Mr. Cowan expects to use the same Rambler he

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went through with in the recent endurance run, while Shettler has his choice of ten Reos.

As in the former contest, speed will probably be "cut out." The purpose of the run is to demonstrate the staying qualities of the respective machines.

Ralph Hamlin has sold that big touring car that has been mentioned in these columns before. Robert Marsh, the real estate man who has been selling part of the earth of late years at South Ocean Park, Alamitos Bay and other points in and out of town, was the lucky man. The machine is a model D Franklin touring car, and can negotiate about 40 or 50 miles an hour on a fair road with a good load. It is the first car of its kind which has come to this city.

C. A. Hawkins, Pacific Coast manager for the White sewing machine, has been spending a few days with the good people of the White Garage on South Broadway.

White touring cars have been seeking new owners of late. Several have left their old domicile at the White Garage. F. A. Marcher, of the Pacific Gem Company, Commodore William Bayly, George P. Upp and C. W. Leffenwell of Whittier have each purchased 1906 model White touring cars.

These are the first of the 1906 machines to arrive in this city. With a 114-inch wheel base, capable of developing sixty horse-power, the new White is a machine that can "go some." It has not been given very thorough tryout here, but one of these cars went a mile a minute over a straightaway course in Cleveland. The car weighs less than 2400 pounds, and may be had for the trifling sum of \$3,000. They may give one away with every glass of Owens river water hereafter.

The Worthington Garage people inform me that they have been so busy filling tires with their new newmastic filler that they have hardly had time to think of making any sales or of doing anything else lately. Someone did find time the other day, however, to accept a check from F. W. Ward and see him ride away in a new Cleveland.

J. A. Rosesteel has sold a Pathfinder to M. Alguire of Riverside.

Lucille's Letter

My dear Harriet:

I am willing to bet you all you win at bridge during the next week that you can't tell me what we are talking about when we agree that "Obersheen" is quite the latest thing. "Is it a game, or a drink, or simply something to wear?" "Tisn't none of them"—it's a French name for egg-plant—and that, an it please you, is the very, very latest shade, in the very, very newest silks at the Ville de Paris. My informant, who took himself very seriously, explained to me in mournful numbers that egg-plant was all the thing. After this I shall no longer connect "egg-plant" with an oleaginous vegetable submerged in browning cracker crumbs. Not muchee! I will have a clear vision of a most beautiful violet silk, in taffeta or messaline, with background of plaid in all the most delicate tones, from brown and yellow into the Obersheen blue—to be seen in single patterns at this present and only at the Ville de Paris. These beautiful silks just received at the Ville come in waist lengths in the most varied patterns you can possibly imagine. A wide Persian or Dresden stripe through the plaid background forms the cheek. Nothing could be more stunning than these new patterns for silk shirt waists. And the newest things in Paisley silks (reminiscent of our great grandmothers' shawls) are to be found "just arrived" at the silk counter of the Ville; only one of a kind, so you can't meet your double on this coast at all events. Some of the silks for fall costumes are marvelously beautiful. One in graduated colorings, shaded from green to gold with a wrong side of vivid scarlet, had a distinctly firelight effect, the crimson glow shining through the soft satin messaline with a result as novel as picturesque.

I promised to let you know what date had been set for the opening day at the Unique. That charming establishment has well earned its title as it is, I believe, the only cloak and suit house on the coast that retains their own buyer in New York all the year round. Mrs. Fletcher is there permanently for that purpose, and Messrs. Isaacs keeps her busy all the time selecting the latest novelties for their California trade.

WE call the attention of women who like to anticipate Fashion's tendency, to our daily arriving displays of Fall Laces, Trimmings and Lace Robes. In laces the assortment is especially complete in Baby Irish, Irish crochet and French Irish in edges, insertions, appliques and allovers. Lace and other robes, from \$12.50 to \$250.00 each.

Coulter Dry Goods Co.

225-227-229 SOUTH BROADWAY
224-226-228 SOUTH HILL STREET

One marvels at the immensity of the fall display in these big places of business. How many dresses and cloaks apiece to the average woman do these purchasers calculate to supply? In Coulter's, for instance, in their ladies' tailoring department they turn out as many as twenty or thirty dresses and suits a day. I had a view of the enormous sewing and cutting rooms—fifteen or sixteen sewing machines all going furiously and at once, run by electric motor. No wonder they are doing such a rushing business there, when I explanation to you that the tailor-made skirts are made free, if the material bought there costs a dollar or more a yard! They are splendidly cut, too, and guaranteed to fit. I saw some lovely suits being finished off there, with long loose-backed coats in the mannish effect, lined with soft white satin. Grey seems to be the most desirable color this season and Coulter's has a complete line of goods in that shade. A Panama checked cloth in combination of colors, such as green and blue, green and red, blue and tan, green and red, is most effective. Everything has a plaid background this year and it is bullily effective with spots all through in different shades. These tailor-made suits come, of course, in coats, short or long, and skirts, and consequently, of course, call for a pretty novel shirt waist.

Blackstone's is surely enough the place to get the very latest thing in this necessary garment. They have a lovely line in fine lawns and Madras with inserted "Baby Irish" lace, and lined with valenciennes. Everything in waists has a big display of insertions criss-crossed and yoked in the full front, and all things must button up the back of course. The Blackstones have also just opened up their new silk and chiffon evening waists, and some of them are tempting affairs, I can assure you.

Now, to change the subject from dress for a moment, I must tell you about the charming collection of Christmas novelties that already is to be found in the art department, on the fourth floor of the Boston Store. You might never imagine that this would be the best place in town to pick up a pretty picture, an etching or a water color, would you? Nevertheless 'tis even so. Mr. Vincent, who bosses this department, is something of an artist himself, and has as choice a collection of lovely things in bric-a-brac and art ready for the Christmas trade as can be found on the Pacific Coast. Darling little sketches in artistic frames for twenty-five cents; copies of Van Alten's clever figure poster pictures, in brown oak frames for fifty cents; delightful things for the decoration of a den or cozy corner and some really



Place Cards

Menu cards, etc., in varied and out-of-the-conventional designs, at modest prices.

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315 South Broadway

lovely copies of the old masters at ridiculous prices. Christmas trade always seems to bring forth pretty "bits" for the household, unthought of at any other time of the year. And it is well to get the first choice of these newly imported things, as, notwithstanding the present temperature, the demand will be just as great as usual during the Christmas holidays, and the Boston Store is surely the very choicest place to make your selection.

Now, my child, I find myself quite at a loss for any new or sufficient language in which to describe the millinery that has just made its appearance at Spier's swell shop on the corner of Hill and Third streets. The big wardrobes that line the walls are "chock-a-block" with glorious creations in the line of female headgear, that fairly take your breath away. Feathers, rich and rare, abound, mixed with furs and flowers and wonderfully shaded ribbons. "Seeing is believing," and no description could adequately paint the beauties of these novelties selected and imported by these enterprising and clever people. Each cupboard carefully shuts from the vulgar gaze different kinds and degrees of millinery. Tailor-made Phipps and Knox hats are things wholly apart from the enormous dress picture hats with their wierd new shapes and wealth of trimmings and bows. Mr. Spier scorns with lofty hauteur such a banality as an "opening day." "The French things" have arrived "that is all! and 'nuff sed." Only those who know what's what and who's who enter these select portals and not everyone by any means is allowed to gaze upon the dainty creations.

Now, Harriet my child, you will begin to think that of new stores in this city there surely is no end, when I tell you of the swell place of business that is about to burst upon an admiring public. This is the New York Cloak and Suit House at 337 and 339 South Broadway, which will be opened by its owners Messrs. Neary and Haggarty, next Monday morning. My eye! but it is going to be a tip-top, swell shop, and no mistake. Something on the plan of Stevens's in Chicago. The whole big building with its fine vast floors is being remodeled and decorated in the very newest fashion. Top floor of all, whence you can peek down to the very depths, is to be entirely given over to a reception room, where among palms and potted plants, vain and lovely woman can keep up a perpetual dress parade. I had a private view of a few of the new gowns and cloaks that have just been received and I tell you what—they are going to come pretty close to eclipsing anything we have

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--	--

seen here yet. Velvets are to be one of the season's first favorites, and in this new store they are handling some beauties in crimson, plum, tans and dark greens. Another thing my dear that makes this place particularly attractive is that their prices are all most reasonable. No absurd three figures for a tailor made gown! I saw some one inspecting a splendidly cut grey costume with long tight fitting coat and buttoned skirt, in fine material, price only thirty-seven dollars, which looked like a sixty dollar outfit. This New York Cloak and Suit House bids fair to take the lead of all the many fine establishments in this city of shops.

Well sooner or later you will be forced to come to town and shed your old summer hat, for a new and becoming piece of millinery. Till then so long my dear.

Yours affectionately,

LUCILLE.

S. Figueroa St., September Sixth.

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Others think so. You will think so too if you try it.

Ask any dealer about Gas Ranges. They like to sell them; they give satisfaction.

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BE PREPARED
 when you come to our store, to see the finest line of fashionable footwear ever shown in this city.
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 Ask to see our **SO-E-Z** (so easy to the foot) shoes.
 The best on the market for \$3.50 and \$4.00 a pair

Over The Teacups

Of course it isn't the prize fight or any such cruel pastime which attracts a load of your men friends from the several beaches on the same day for which some match is slated—it's business simon pure and simple and of such an important nature that it really couldn't wait another day. You may meet the husband of your best friend in company with several other husbands of your equally good friends and implore him to take an urgent message homeward on some important matter or another. He isn't going home that evening. He is sorry, but he is obliged to meet a man at some club or other, but he will see his beloved wife the next day. That won't do, so you hie yourself to the telephone or the beach and find madam enjoying the evening alone or at bridge with a bevy of other women whose husbands are spending the evening in town. One never does much of anything at the beach but swim, wash one's hair, be alone or play bridge. As for the bachelors, well they are simply impossible—one couldn't find one of them of an evening when a prize fight is on any more than he could invent a better excuse next day for the absence.

There is, however, one popular bachelor one is always dead sure of. His father never misses occupying a front seat at every boxing match—I think they are called—while the younger member of the household sits at home revelling in the classics, or spends the evening with the latest debutante. You will guess at once no doubt who the subjects of this paragraph are.

Isn't beach life just adorable? The utter absence of cavaliers during the day compels women both young and old to depend on each other for amusement. Here is something like the program observed in a little colony about Ocean Park, in the region of Sunset avenue. Arise at 9:30, breakfast at 10, take a dip at 11, lunch at 1 and bridge, inevitable bridge, on somebody's front porch until just time to scamper and change gowns for dinner and meet the incoming flyer bearing hubbies from all the busi-

ness houses in the city. There is one thing it isn't conducive to, however, despite the fascination of it all, and that is reducing one's weight. Not a few will return this autumn to go on a strict diet in an effort to lose an over-abundance of avoirdupois. By the way if you really want to know how to "reduce," confide in me. His name is Seeley.

Speaking of bridge. Women seem to be its greatest devotees, especially at the beaches. If a man can be lured into the game, so much the better, but as a rule the tables about piazzas and cottage porches boast only the fair sex. At Redondo recently, a good natured man was asked one morning to fill a game until Miss So and So made her appearance. He played like a major until noon, and the party broke up for a few minutes for luncheon. He dodged after the meal but there was no hiding place short of the mountains where he would not be uncovered. Again he was implored to fill out a hand, the delinquent morning player was on hand but Mrs. Somebodyelse had a caller. By the time the dinner hour arrived the man player was given his freedom. In the hallway he was reproached for having naught else to do but spend the time thus, but he smiled wearily at his friends and said, "I didn't want to do it, but they simply nailed me to the bridge."

Miss Oldone—"I wouldn't have refused Charley Banks if I'd been you."

Miss Sweetgirl—"I don't believe I would, either, if I'd been you."—New York Mail.

You couldn't get some men into a game for your life though. Such persons as Robert D. Osburn and Nat F. Wilshire for instance. Not they. If there's anything really interesting going on they will of course lend their presence, at least that's what they say about it, but bridge—fudge! Even a coroner's jury endeavoring to come to some conclusion over a body after five days' sojourn in the waves interests them more deeply. Not long ago at Redondo there was such a jury and just such a case. The deputy town marshal took Mr. Osburn into his confidence and asked him to keep his friend Mr. Wilshire in a certain spot as he wanted him on his return to act the part of a noble citizen on the coroner's jury. He left the pair to hustle up eleven other citizens. He came back with ten so the Osburn-Wilshire contingent was pressed into service, and now the former thinks he wasn't treated with justice as he really didn't want to serve, you know.

Few who read the pretty little western tales and bits of dainty poetry from the pen of Eugene P. Conway, of this city, are familiar with the sad his-

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tory of the youth, which compelled him to renounce a brilliant career for one of comparative obscurity. The impairment of an all too well used vision threatening eternal darkness to a pair of bright grey eyes, brought about a hasty retreat from college, a year's retirement, and then the prospect of a life of uncertain health, and all thoughts of a place in a church forever put away. Mr. Conway was one of St. Vincent's most promising pupils, and when he left that school to enter Archbishop Riordan's theological seminary at Menlo Park, to prepare for the priesthood, he bore with him gold medals for oratory, a superior knowledge of Christian doctrine and other branches in which he had outstripped his fellows. He was a splendid athlete too, and soon won a way for himself in the north. He was regarded not only as a brilliant pupil by the faculty, but a rare philosopher and speaker. For three years he applied himself assiduously to his books, despite the warnings of his instructors, one and all of whom watched his career with interest. The break came all at once, however, and the young student bravely faced the consensus of opinion of the best specialists. The verdict was that he must henceforth be content with using his eyes but a couple of hours a day, and give up his coveted place in the church. Since that time, five years ago, the young man has never been heard to murmur a complaint, and whether a heart has been broken over his position of that of a semi-invalid no mortal has ever known. He is always bright and cheerful, and the clergy of the Catholic church from Bishop Conaty down to his former schoolmates, now ordained, are his bosom friends. With them he spends much of his time, and the rest in a household entirely devoted to the afflicted son and brother. In writing he has found an outlet for a bright mind full of ideas, and with the assistance of his sister to whom he dictates, the world is made the happier for his pretty stories and poems, embodying in them never a murmur, but always light and airy and cheerful.

Mrs. Hoyle—"Does your husband make good money?"

Mrs. Doyle—"Yes; it's good enough, but there's too little of it."—Judge.

Monday evening marked the opening of the fall theatrical season. Many Angelenos who are still at the beaches came up for the evening while everyone who was in the city was at some place of amusement. There were so many after theater parties that one might suppose it was January instead of September. The Angelus Cafe in particular was favored. It was crowded to the doors and unless I am greatly mistaken the Loomis brothers will have to open their first floor dining room for theater parties every Monday night, in the very near future.

Los Angeles has had numerous summer visitors from Mexico this year. Many of the best people from the southern republic have been here, and before long the Mexican summer visitors will form as large and welcome a contingent as that from Arizona. Of course it is only the wealthiest and educated class that come here for the summer. Sonora and other northern Mexican states are particularly well represented. The latest arrivals include Luis A. Martinez and his family and Ampaso B. Martinez, who are capitalists from Guaymas. They are at the Angelus and I hear are recipients of much attention socially.

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Where Are They?

[Announcements for this column must be received at the Graphic Office, not later than 6 p. m., Wednesday of each week. No notice is taken of any announcement unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender.]

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin T. Earl are in Honolulu.
Miss Clara Milner has returned from a visit to Avalon.
Mr. and Mrs. Tom Otis are at Redondo for a few weeks.
Mrs. Charles Seyler is spending a few weeks in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Herron have returned from Santa Barbara.

Senator Thomas Kearns of Salt Lake is a guest at the Angelus.

Miss Louise Burke returned recently from a visit to friends at Redondo.

Mrs. M. G. Heintz and family of 2345 Scarff street are at Ocean Park.

Miss Vera Holden of 1545 Cambria street has returned from Lake street.

Sir Henry Knight, formerly Lord Mayor of London, is an Angelus guest.

Mrs. E. Gerson has returned from an extended visit to relatives at Oxnard.

Major and Mrs. John W. A. Off have been at Huntington Inn, Orange County.

Mrs. G. Clack of Arizona is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. R. Kellam of Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Griffith and family are occupying a cottage at Ocean Park.

Mrs. Albert M. Stephens of 133 South ---- street has returned from Mt. Lowe.

Dean and Mrs. J. J. Wilkins of St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral left this week for Boston.

Mrs. O. W. Childs of West Twenty-eighth street has returned from Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Silent and Roy Silent have been spending some weeks at Ocean Park.

Mr. Ernest Klokke, who has recently recovered from a serious illness, is at Redondo.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Bowman Rollins are occupying their new home at Redondo.

Mrs. Burton Green and Miss Huston Bishop are visiting the Joe Chanslors in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Potter and Miss Nina Jones returned this week from Santa Barbara.

Major Henry T. Lee leaves next Monday for a month's cruise to the South Sea Islands.

Mrs. D. H. Blair of 635 Valencia street is entertaining her sister, Mrs. E. L. Hodge, of San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Miller and family of Pasadena are again occupying their Ocean Park cottage.

The Rev. and Mrs. Robert J. Burdette returned this week to Sunnycrest, Pasadena, from their European trip.

Miss Katherine Ridgway has recovered from a recent illness and is at the beach with her mother and sister.

Miss Leonara Montgomery, daughter of Dr. H. B. Montgomery, has gone to New York to continue her musical studies.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farwell Edson of West Twentieth street returned this week from their holiday in Siskiyou County.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Kneidler of 2417 West Twenty-third street are occupying a cottage on Paloma avenue, Ocean Park.

Mrs. Harry G. Folsom of 1757 West Twenty-first street will be at home the second and fourth Wednesday of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Perry and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini Wood have taken possession of their new home in St. James Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Herron and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Haskins have leased the Anderson cottage at Redondo for the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan McFarland with their two daughters, Misses Louise and Sally McFarland, are spending the remainder of the season at Redondo beach.

Misses Mary L. O'Donoghue and Julia O'Donoghue have returned from their Eastern trip. They went as far East as Quebec and returning visited Portland and other cities of the Northwest.

Mrs. Max Newmark and Miss Flora Newmark have returned from Alaska.

Mrs. Wilbur S. Tupper of Harvard Boulevard has returned from Catalina Island.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Christopher have been spending their vacation at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Hough of West Twenty-sixth street are at Sulphur Mountain.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Thomas of West Jefferson street have returned from Idyllwild.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Tufts have taken a cottage on Dudley avenue, Ocean Park, for September.

General and Mrs. C. F. A. Last and family are on a trip to include Portland and the Northwest.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Bertrand of Chicago, who have been guests at the Angelus, left this week for Avalon.

Mr. and Mrs. Catesby Thom are at 732 Lake street until their house at West Twenty-third street is completed.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Doheny of Chester Place are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Harold Walker of the City of Mexico.

Mr. Spencer Robinson was summoned East last week by the sudden death of his father in Rock Island, Ills. During Mr. Robinson's absence for the next three weeks, his pupils will be taken by Mr. Harry Barnhart.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Wilshire and Miss Jane Wilshire will spend the winter in Los Angeles. This will be good news to the Wilshires' many old friends here and to the many new friends that Miss Wilshire made during her visit to her aunt, Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter and to Mrs. George Wilshire at Redondo this summer.

Receptions, Etc.

September 2.—Mrs. John P. Jones, Miramar, Santa Monica; reception.

September 2.—Mr. Herbert Fink; luncheon at Coulter's.

September 4.—Mrs. William J. Scholl, 1136 Maple avenue; luncheon at the Woman's Clubhouse for Miss Louise Naud.

September 6.—Mrs. Edward W. Gilmore, 207 Ocean View avenue; for Badger Club.

September 7.—R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C.; at Woman's Club House.

September 7.—Mrs. W. W. McLeod, 640 West Eighteenth street; for Sunshine Society.

September 7.—Mr. and Mrs. George Drake Ruddy, 2711 Wilshire Boulevard; dinner for Mrs. Charles Wellington Rand.

September 8.—Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Wren, Wren's Nest, Hermosa Beach; luncheon.

Anastasia's Date Book

September 12.—Lyric Club; resumes rehearsals in Symphony Hall, Blanchard building.

Badger Club Appointments

October 4.—Reciprocity Day; Mrs. George Drake Ruddy, 2711 Wilshire Boulevard.

November 1.—Thanksgiving Symposium; Mrs. W. F. Pleas; 957 Burlington avenue.

December 6.—Christmas Party; Mrs. W. W. Neuer, 842 Bonnie Brae street.

January 1.—Rhymes and Resolutions; Mrs. H. W. Pettibone, 1138 South Figueroa street.

February 14.—Valentine Party; Mrs. John Berryman, 900 West Eighteenth street.

March 17.—St. Patrick's affair; Mrs. Clarence H. Pease, 1341 South Union avenue.

Recent Weddings

September 4.—Miss Marguerite Otis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Otis of Pomona, to Mr. Ross H. Williams.

September 6.—Miss Phila Borden Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gail B. Johnson, 345 Westlake avenue, to Mr. Lawrence Burroughs.

Dr. E. Ellsworth Bartram

DENTIST

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September 6.—Miss Jessie Evelyn Hall, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hall of Edgeware Road, to Mr. W. W. Williams of Hoopetown, Ills., at San Jose.

Approaching Weddings

September 12.—Miss Louise Naud to Mr. Glenn C. Peck in St. Mary's Church.

September 12.—Miss Louise Bosbyshell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Bosbyshell, to Mr. Martin Gibbs, in the First Congregational Church.

September 20.—Miss Maude Little, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Little, of 928 South Burlington avenue, to Mr. Clyde J. Smith.

September 28.—Miss Mabel Cronkhite, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Cronkhite of 2941 West Sixth street, to Mr. B. H. Miller of Buffalo, N. Y., in the First Baptist Church.

October 3.—Miss Marie Louise Eager to Mr. Charles B. Bergin at St. Vibiana's Cathedral.

October 4.—Miss Bessie Entwistler Hinton to Mr. George E. Munger at 1033 West Seventh street.

October 4.—Miss Alice M. Stribling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Stribling of 2529 East First street, to Mr. Harry G. Elliott in the Boyle Heights Presbyterian Church.

October 9.—Miss Stella Blanchard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Blanchard to Mr. Elmer Dodd Cowan in the Boyle Heights Presbyterian Church.

October 11.—Miss Clara Louise Garbutt to Mr. George Turner in the University Methodist Church.

October 25.—Miss Bessie Rountree, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Rountree of 331 Loma Drive, to Mr. Willard Arnott.

Engagements.

Miss Alice Sargent, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Sargent, to Mr. A. G. Cook.

Miss Ethel Cousins of Old Town, Me., to Dr. George Laubesheimer.



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On the Stage and Off

Mrs. Wiggs and her small army of children, her own, adopted, and, in fact every denizen of the Cabbage Patch, all of whom she mothered with her philosophy, her match-making and her pies, have caused hundreds of hearts to grow lighter this week, in the most admirable delineation given by the accomplished actress, Madge Carr Cook, at the Mason.

The play is well described as a character comedy, being, for the most part, simply a succession of scenes found in and founded on Alice Hegan Rice's two little books. I was familiar with Mrs. Wiggs but had not read "Lovey Mary", so I do not know what the lady-dramatist has introduced into Mrs. Rice's stories, but I am strongly of the opinion that the resurrection of Mr. Wiggs is an inartistic blot upon the simplicity and sweetness of the story and that the male Wiggs and that awful Kentucky sheriff introduce a melodramatic flavor that is entirely foreign to the Cabbage Patch. And yet this weaving of melodrama into the play was considered essential to give it "a plot" and to give the sentimental theater-goer an opportunity to turn on the "water-taps," without which some ladies never thoroughly enjoy a play.

Madge Carr Cook gives a portrait that is faithful in every detail, in quiet colors, clear outline and skilful shading. It is so true and so good that it stands out in striking contrast with other efforts in the play. Some of these while distinctly clever and very amusing are not portraits but caricatures. The impersonating of Miss Hazy and Mr. Stubbins may be excepted as possible portraits, and, certainly, excellently reproduced by Helen Lowell and Charles Carter. The latter, however, is allowed to spin out his scene of drunkenness to inordinate and distasteful length. After the thoroughly wholesome humor, concentrated in the first act, this prolonged inebriate display strikes a false note. But here again the play-maker or the stage manager has catered to a popular taste. Why is it that a drunken man reeling along the street or embracing a lamp-post excites the mirth of modest women and innocent children? Mrs. Eichhorn is an extraordinary presentation from a physical point of view, the narrowest body I ever saw outside a dime museum—merely a skirted hop-pole, while Mrs. Schultz is broader than she is long. The crippled Chris, Billy Wiggs, and all the little children, particularly Tommy, are excellently done. The mounting of the play is much more vivid than its action, but the characters and the immortal Mrs. Wiggs are good enough for a delightful evening's entertainment.

Madge Carr Cook has come into her own at last, and she is quite right in contending for what she has so ably demonstrated—that there should be greater opportunity on the stage in character parts for women who have reached the maturity of their art. As Mrs. Cook said in an interview with Ashton Stevens: "Why should a woman's value to the stage be in inverse ratio to her experience and development? As things are, as things have been, a woman, by the time she has reached her greatest powers, has nothing to play in the modern drama. Why, with the exception of a conspicuously few cases of celebrated names, a woman's very earning capacity has decreased with the development of her ability.

'The older the actress is the smaller the salary' is the ordinary rule. And I can't help but think that this order does not represent the feeling of the public. Theater-goers are becoming more enlightened every day. They want more than a regular diet of love story; they want a versatile drama. For a long time they have demanded men in all ages, from youth to senility. Why not have varying periods for women?"

And I sincerely hope that, excellent use as Mrs. Cook has made of Mrs. Wiggs, some dramatist will provide still better opportunity for this accomplished and charming actress. Modern theater-goers are becoming very exacting. They are wearying both of the love romances of the girl in her 'teens and of the inartistic manner in which she is generally played. The actress either relies on her beauty of face and form and her acting is inadequate, or her acting may be adequate but she cannot "look the part." Naturalness always has been and always will be the greatest essential of the dramatic art.

I regret that I have not time to do anything like justice to two very admirable performances this week—"The Heart of the Geisha" at the Belasco and "If I Were King" at the Burbank. Both are actual marvels of production for the price of admission and at the hands of stock companies, which, however, I venture to say are unsurpassed by any on this continent. "If I Were King" is essentially a play that depends much on lavish splendor of production. Manager Morosco has not been sparing in any detail and has been rewarded with such generous success that he has decided to continue the play another week.

"The Heart of the Geisha" is not a great play but it is wonderfully well produced. The eye of the artist must revel over each scene, and if the action frequently drags there is always something on the stage good to look at. Most of the company fall wonderfully well into Oriental dress and, at least, a good imitation of the Japanese manner. A little of the Irish biddy—was it Mrs. Murphy or "Chimmie Fadden"?—lingered around the kimono of Marie Howe's duenna. The prize for facial make-up is easily taken by Dicky Vivian, although Mr. Dempster runs him a close second and also does a very promising piece of acting.

Juliet Crosby who carries almost the entire burden of the play upon her fair shoulders, converts herself into a very fascinating geisha, and proves herself to be an actress of instinctive charm and very considerable emotional power. Mr. Galbraith, save for one or two stagey moments, is excellent.

The play, save for its beauty of mounting and attractive atmosphere, has few merits. It is simply an Orientalized Camille.

R. H. C.

Five new plays heralded the opening of the New York season this week. Maxine Elliott in Clyde Fitch's new comedy "Her Great Match," which deals with the checkered courtship of an American girl by a German princeling, was given a generous reception. Augustus Thomas's "De Lancey," a comedy of New York society, gives John Drew, again supported by Margaret Dale, the promise of another successful season. Lulu Glaser made her first metropolitan appearance in musical comedy in the title role of "Miss Dolly Dollars." Hall Caine's "Prodi-

gal Son," with a very strong company, including W. H. Thompson, E. J. Morgan, Aubrey Boucicault, J. E. Dodson, Drina De Wolf, Charlotte Walker, Marie Wainwright and Mrs. George W. Barnum, repeated its Washington success. Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman" was given its premiere Tuesday and on Wednesday Nat Goodwin made his first appearance in the English success "Beauty and the Barge."

A better bill than has been shown in preceding weeks for some time is the boast of the Orpheum this week. A clever skit entitled "Ticks and Clicks" is cleverly enacted by O'Brien and Havel and was by far the best number on the bill, although there was little to it but tumbling and dancing and one verse of "A Wise Old Owl." Much horseplay made it laughable and the audience enjoyed it from start to finish. Violet Dale, herself rather good-looking, is not an entirely successful imitator. Her impersonations include those of Mrs. Leslie Carter, Lulu Glaser, Anna Held and Fay Templeton. Jane Elton is amusing as "Mlle. Ricci" in a comedy of that name and is assisted by Emil Hoch and Ella Grover. The Millman trio hold the audience breathless in their tight-wire performance, which includes difficult feats in dancing. The holdovers are Jacob's Dogs, Josephine Ainsley, the Yankee Doodle Boys, and the Howard Brothers.

The latest from London is that Amelia Gardner has been engaged by Beerbohm Tree, which means that this clever actress should have a great opportunity, if she is given a part of any consequence. Miss Gardner, I believe, was to have succeeded Florence Roberts as a Belasco road attraction, but she was anxious to join her husband who was in London with Willie Collier's company.

A wit writing to a newspaper recently remarked that the London stage was given over at the time to Shakespeare and Shakespere. That condition is by no means over, for Mr. Shaw's brilliant play, "John Bull's Other Island," is to be revived for six weeks on September 11. It is to be followed by "The Philanderer" or by "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." If Mr. Shaw were not a philosopher, far removed by the very essence of his outlook from the ideas that obsess the ordinary man, his head would have been turned, just as years ago he would have been soured by the lack of appreciation. It was really America that led the way in this matter, for Mr. Mansfield long since made "Arms and the Man" a stock piece. When it was produced in England it was quite over the heads of the average playgoer. Arnold Daly's great success with "Candida" cinched Shaw's claim to dramatic fame.

Trusty Tips To Playgoers

Morosco's Burbank—Manager Morosco will repeat "If I Were King," the play that has crowded the Burbank at every performance this week. The piece ran with great smoothness even at the very first performance, and has been improving at every presentation. Matinees will be given Sunday afternoon and Saturday.

Belasco's—The stock company will return to farce next Monday night and promise to regale their audi-

ences with "On and Off"—just a little funnier than all the others.

Orpheum—One of the greatest of all trained animal acts is promised next week. Burton's dogs are marvelous, the jumping of the greyhounds being the highest on record. Redford and Winchester, two noted burlesque jugglers, will be new to Los Angeles. Susie Fisher, a woman with a phenomenal baritone voice, will also be a novelty. The "Four Emperors of Music" will introduce some music interspersed with comedy. O'Brien and Havel in their farce "Ticks and Clicks," the Millman Trio in their aerial gymnastics, Hoch, Elton and company in "Mlle Ricci," Violet Dale in new imitations of notable stage people, and new motion pictures will complete the bill.

Grand—"The White Caps," a thrilling tale of love and adventure in the hill country of Kentucky will be the Ulrich Stock Company's offering for the week commencing Sunday matinee. The play is founded on the famous Ku-Klux-Klan.

Stars et al.

Howard Scott, formerly a favorite at the Belasco and a character actor of great ability, will appear in the Belasco bill in two weeks.

Grace Van Studdiford has been engaged by the Shuberts for the leading role in "Lady Teazle," in the place left vacant by Lillian Russell.

Sara Bernhardt is about to make a tour of South America, and will visit the principal cities of that country with the exception of Rio de Janeiro.

Henry Arthur Jones says he is coming to this country to superintend the production of his new play in New York about the middle of October.

Florence Roberts is taking the rest cure at McNutt's Hospital in San Francisco. She commences to rehearse her company in Ogden this month.

Papinta, the mirror dancer, who has been in retirement since the death of her husband, M. J. Holpin, in March last, made her reappearance at Proctor's, in New York, last Monday.

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe have commenced rehearsals for their Shakespearean season. "Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night," and "The Merchant of Venice" will form their repertoire.

Two Angelenos, Carroll McComas as Jimmy Gingerbread and Oscar Ragland as Philip Vanderdecken, are in the cast of the extravaganza, "The Pearl and the Pumpkin", produced at the Broadway, New York, last week.

September will witness the conclusion of another round in the legal fight between Life and the Theatrical Trust. It is expected that the New York courts will hand down a decision affirming the right of Life's critic, Mr. Metcalfe, to enter any public place of amusement if he cares to pay the price of admission.

Roy Knabenshue, the aeronaut, has been engaged by Oscar Hammerstein to exhibit his airship at the Victoria Theater, New York, the first week in October. Besides showing the "ship", he will lecture on his invention and, if possible, make an ascension in the auditorium of the theater with a smaller model of the original.

The Ben Greet company of players presented the forest scenes of Shakespeare's "As You Like It" at Oyster Bay, August 23, at the Huntington Stud Farm, near Sagamore Hill. Mrs. Roosevelt, the President's children, and many other members of the Roosevelt family were present. The platform was covered with grass and was set in a small grove of trees that stood for the forest of Arden.

During Wilton Lackaye's presentation of "The Pit" at Spokane the other evening, the mob scene was spoiled by a strike of the "supers". Their nightly pay had been cut from fifty cents to thirty-five cents, which they deemed was insufficient, in view of the fact that, in representing prosperous brokers, they had to wear clean collars and white shirts at every performance.

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Week Commencing SUNDAY MATINEE, Sept. 10

The Ulrich Stock Company presents Owen Davis's Noted Melodrama

"The White Caps"

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*Matinees Sunday, Tuesday, Saturday, 10, 25c.
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MODERN VAUDEVILLE

Week Commencing Monday, Sept. 11

Burton's Dogs, Cleverest of Canine Actors and Acrobats; Redford and Winchester, Burlesque Jugglers; Susie Fisher, Phenomenal Baritone; Four Emperors of Music, Musical Comedy Quartet; Millman Trio, Aerial Gymnasts; Hoch, Elton & Co., in "Mlle. Ricci"; Violet Dale, The Charming Mimic; Orpheum Motion Pictures, Latest Novelties; Last Week of the Noted Laughing Success, O'Brien & Havel, in "Ticks and Clicks."

No Change in Prices 10, 25, 50c. Matinees Wed., Sat. and Sun.

In the Musical World

The Musical Courier in its issue of August 30 quotes in full the **Graphic's** recent article on musical criticism "as she is wrote."

I mention this for one especial reason—to accentuate the fact that the pettifoggery of critical penning is growing to be more and more frowned upon by the greater musical press.

So far as I am individually concerned this small beer and skittles detail, with its inevitable personalities and general inaneness, has become so intensely distasteful that I recently pressed my editor in chief to release me from my contract.

After much balancing of the pros and cons we have compromised—and we both deem it only fair that the regular readers of this column should understand exactly the form which it will be made to assume in the future.

The signed portion of about two columns—the only part with which I will have anything to do—will be devoted to musical comments, possibly essay in character, on facts or happenings or ideas of general cosmopolitan interest. A little philosophy here, a little tilt of fun there, a little prod of the caustic fork, a soupçon of the studious sauce—and our platter will be full.

For all local doings, for all local commenting and criticism, for all notices bearing upon local personages, and for personalities regarding any bodies or anybody, other heads and other hands will be entirely responsible. These matters will no longer be mine, and I desire that this fact be distinctly understood.

Whether the plan will work to good purpose I know not. But this I do know—that I am fully satisfied the practising critic should never be a practising musician. That I, or any professional man, doing professional work in any sphere, should sit in judgment upon those professional brethren who are doing their best in precisely the same sphere seems to me to be neither wise nor seemly. And, if I have not always thought in this fashion, I am glad to have come to this way of thinking now.

So I gladly pass the local chronielings into the hands of others—into hands, which, I am very sure,

will foster them gently or discipline them kindly to their highest ultimate well-being—and this, after all, is the common goal of all critics, great or small.

I have sometimes wondered in what respect the endowing of large musical institutions benefits the student.

It is easy to understand how it can pile luxury into the lap of the faculty—particularly into the laps of those who by pull or luck happen to occupy the chief seats. But where the benefit to the student comes in is not quite clear.

This new "Institute of Musical Art of the City of New York"—a sufficiently imposing title, it is to be hoped—is an instance in point. It starts out with a fixed endowment and guaranteed income, derived, in the main, from the James Loeb endowment fund of \$500,000.

So far, so good. But it appears from the prospectus that the tuition fees are, if anything, higher than those current in the existing high-class institutions of the city.

Moreover, no entrance examinations are required, and, hence, mediocrity hob-nobs with talent exactly as it has always done in the un-Loebed preparatory schools.

It is just plain humbug, and that is all there is to it. Endowments are all right when they bring about a manifest good for the masses which cannot be secured in any other way. But to munificently endow an institution for the mere sake of doing the ordinary, everyday work which other schools have done on the simple, honest, self-supporting principle of giving a dollar's worth of tuition for a dollar is only to play a game of pretentious poppycock.

I suppose the authorities would deny that they are going to do anything so ordinary as "ordinary, everyday work." So? What else can they do? Are they not going to employ the self-same teachers who have been giving lessons among us for years past? Are these teachers going to put up a superior quality of goods from those they have hitherto marketed? If so, how have they become so suddenly inspired, or why should they so long have buncoed their pupils with adulterated brain food stuffs?

Bah! If you are in earnest, search for some acknowledgedly great master and go to him as his own private pupil. Pay him his legitimate fees, ally yourself with his work and keep your mind single to his routine. If he is the right one he (paying no commission to his "conservatory") will give you full time and unhampered personal interest. The showiness and trickiness of institutional pretence will not be in constant evidence to tempt you from the steady plod and you will be on safe ground.

Above all, do not for a moment be deluded into thinking that the "conservatories" of this country are on old world lines, or that they have, or can have, the artistic environment of the German schools. The individual teachers of America are, as a body, a pretty fine and safe set of people; but the "conservatories" of the Western continent are, only too often, as hollow as a drum, drum, drum.

The Continental Times of Berlin solemnly avers (presumably with the index finger lying along the left nostril) that Richard Strauss claims it takes him just ten minutes to write a song and bank \$250 in consequence thereof.

Fact is, I hardly know whether the kettle (you know the bishop and kettle story, of course) should

Charles Farwell Edson

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go to the Sheriff or to Richard—But, on consideration, I think I'll vote for Dickie.

FREDERICK STEVENSON.

The Ellis Club is now fairly launched on its season's work, the old officers having been re-elected at the last meeting of the organization. The club members are on record as favoring no change and particularly is this policy wise in its application to the voice committee. There has been a deal of growling for several months because the committee rejected such a large proportion of candidates for membership. About fifty per cent of the men who sing for this committee are accepted. That the club has advanced to such a position as to be able to select its singing material with such care and discrimination, is an augury for future success. A singing club in which anybody and everybody can gain membership is not worth much to itself or the community. When a club has the power to select, those already in place a higher value on their membership and give better service. The voice committee of the Ellis Club consists of Jackson S. Gregg, Harry Clifford Lott and Charles F. Edson, professionals who know their business and Judge J. W. Hendrick, whose training and associations are such as to add to the all-around efficiency of the committee.

Mrs. James G. Scarborough, for some years one of Los Angeles's most noted singers, is to be at last rewarded for her patient study and irrepressible ambition. Mrs. Scarborough this week signed a contract with Henry W. Savage for dramatic soprano roles, including Brunhilde in "Valkyrie", Ortrud in "Lohengrin", "Aida," and Elizabeth in "Tannhauser." She is to make her debut as Brunhilde. Mrs. Scarborough's many friends and admirers are heartily congratulating her on the chance of achieving the great success they have so long been confident she ought to command.

A semi-professional performance of Gounod's Faust is to be given at the Mason Opera House, under Mr. Behymer's management and Signor Janotta's direction in October. There will be no chorus at the first venture, but the cast of principals will be strong, as follows:

Miss Maude Reese Davies, Marguerite.
Miss Estelle Cathrine Heartt, Siebel.
Miss Ferosa Henderson, Martha.
John Douglas Walker, Faust.
Harry Barnhart, Menhistopheles.
William J. Chick, Valentine.

Members of Arend's Venice band are rehearsing a descriptive military musical composition by Paul de Longpre, entitled "Up San Juan Hill." It is a patriotic piece, dedicated to the American boys who fought and died like heroes in that memorable battle. It will be played for the first time tomorrow evening. "Up San Juan Hill" will be published in New York next winter. The front page will contain a picture of President Roosevelt as colonel of the Rough Riders, and the first copy will be sent to him.

The oratorio, "St. Paul," was repeated last Sunday evening at Venice under Mr. Wrightson's direction, and the performance, in spite of the fact that the chorus had not been rehearsed since the first rendition, was thoroughly creditable. The feature of the "music festival" has been the thoroughly artistic playing of the Jonases.

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Financial

The statisticians have been getting busy with the latest bank statements as a means of figuring what the new First National bank will show in the way of resources, deposits and cash on hand. The most striking figures collected from the statement of August 25 are given herewith, comparison being made with the Farmers & Merchants National, so long the largest banking institution of the Southwest. The resources were as follows on August 25:

First National	\$ 9,671,902.95
Los Angeles National	5,647,547.40
Southwestern National	1,775,675.45
	<hr/> \$17,095,125.80

The nearest to this aggregate of resources, of any of the other banks, is in the showing of the Farmers & Merchants National. On the same day its resources were \$13,835,628.14, which gives the new combination the advantage by over \$3,000,000.

In the matter of individual deposits the new bank combination shows up exceedingly strong. The individual deposits on August 25, including deposits subject to check and certificates, were:

First National	\$ 6,349,374.75
Los Angeles	3,050,570.12
Southwestern	839,734.43
	<hr/> \$10,239,679.30

The next largest deposits are those of the Farmers & Merchants National with a total of \$7,448,806.93.

When it comes to cash on hand, the items of "lawful currency" which includes specie and legal tender notes only should be added to the "notes of other national banks". These items compare as follows:

First National	\$1,653,366.00
Los Angeles	790,209.00
Southwestern	103,119.65
	<hr/> \$2,547,294.65

The same items with the Farmers & Merchants National aggregate \$1,253,560.

Joseph B. Binford died of apoplexy at Ocean Park on the 2nd inst. Mr. Binford, who was but 46 years of age, came to Los Angeles in 1874. He was teller in the Farmers & Merchants' Bank of Los Angeles for some years.

South Pasadena is to have a new bank to be called the First National. The capital will be \$25,000 and the directors Dr. Solon Briggs, Elmer I. Moody, J. H. Merriam and Dr. W. E. Hibbard of Pasadena and H. L. Hunt of Los Angeles.

The Bullfrog Bank & Trust Company is to erect a banking building at Rhyolite, Nev.

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The National Bank of the Pacific of San Francisco, capital \$3,100,000, and the Farmers & Merchants National of Redondo have been issued certificates to begin business.

The Keystone Investment Company of Long Beach has decided to erect a pleasure wharf and build a steamer. Bonds to the amount of \$150,000 will be issued.

The Santa Ynez school district near Santa Ynez, Santa Barbara County, has voted \$1200 bonds for building purposes.

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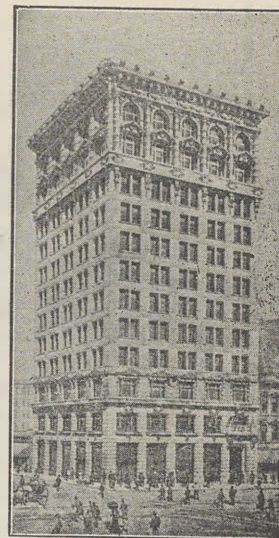
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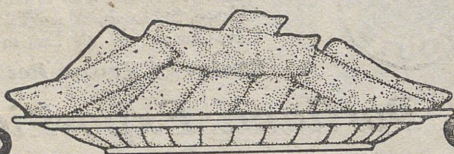
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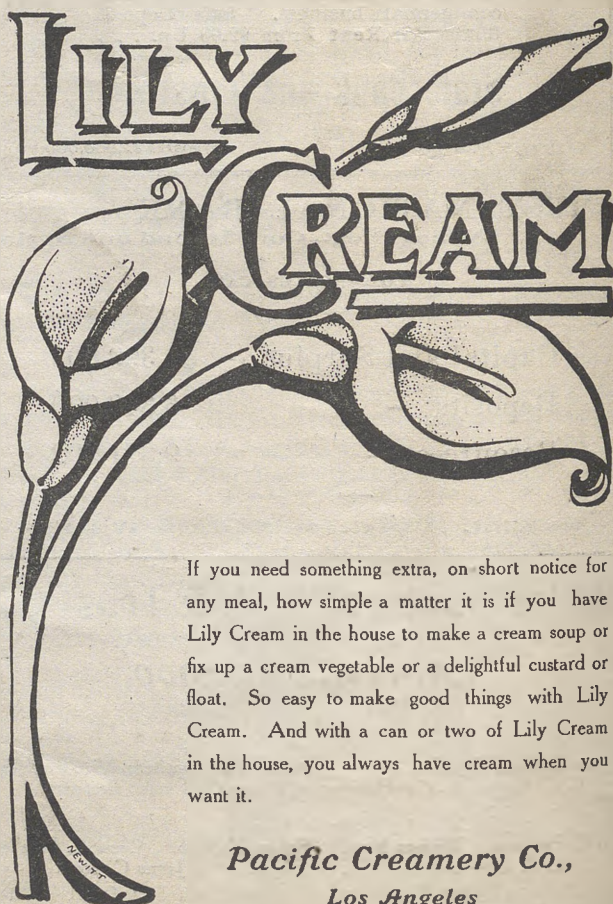
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